

ARCTURUS,
A JOURNAL OF
BOOKS AND OPINION.

"It is in morals and manners what the experimental
is in natural philosophy, as opposed to the dogmatical
method. It does not deal in sweeping clauses of pro-
scription and anathema, but in nice distinctions and
liberal constructions."

HAZLITT.

VOLUME II.

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P R E F A C E .

IN cheerfulness and good hope, was our undertaking first announced, and now that we have arrived at a period in which a retrospect may be indulged us, we would say, for the benefit of all to whom it may be matter of interest, that our earliest wishes have not been disappointed. We relied upon a few simple elements of success, and have not failed. We have met with encouragement from quarters, where, of all others, we would have desired it; from a portion of the press that we were accustomed to respect, and especially from authors, who have been pleased to identify us, in some measure, with the interests of their own labors. In one department of our journal, we have felt the need of this support, and looked for it, we must confess, with some anxiety. When we have spoken directly of popular defects in literary taste and judgment, we have assumed, for the moment, a position only to be sanctioned by the concurrence of the wise and intelligent. In criticism, it is an ungrateful task to stand alone; it is the last species of writing in which we would desire to be exclusive. A critic, of that superhuman condition of excellence, who is to admire nothing of the

works of his contemporaries, who does not carry with him, at least, the sympathy of a chosen few, whose opinions are respected, is likely to get and deserve a solitary and unique reputation with the public hangman. We have uttered our sentiments freely and candidly upon the various books of the day, and with the same freedom and fearlessness, we shall pursue our course. We value independence highly, and from a higher notion than is, perhaps, generally entertained of the nature of criticism itself, we are more concerned for the right. Modern criticism is not the mere decision upon a book, by which the author is complimented, or not, on its binding, its pages, its spelling, its typography. It was once, indeed, little more in its old fashioned meaning and acceptation; a kind of personal altercation between the author and reviewer, who was a species of out-of-door pedagogue, carrying the habits of the schoolmaster into society. But now, criticism has a wider scope, and a universal interest. It dismisses errors of grammar, and hands over an imperfect rhyme, or a false quantity, to the proof reader; it looks now to the heart of the subject, and the author's design. It is a test of opinion. Its acuteness is not pedantic, but philosophical; it unravels the web of the author's mystery, to interpret his meaning to others; it detects his sophistry, because sophistry is injurious to the heart and life; it promulgates his beauties with liberal, generous praise, because this is its true duty, as the servant of truth. Good criti-

cism may be well asked for, since it is the type of the literature of the day. It gives method to the universal inquisitiveness on every topic relating to life or action. A criticism, now, includes every form of literature, except, perhaps, the imaginative and the strictly dramatic. It is an essay, a sermon, an oration, a chapter in history, a philosophical speculation, a prose poem, an art-novel, a dialogue; it admits of humor, pathos, the personal feelings of autobiography, the broadest views of statesmanship. As the ballad and the epic were the productions of the days of Homer, the review is the native characteristic growth of this nineteenth century.

Journalism is not confined to books, as its subject. It extends its view to the manners and habits of the times. Society has more vehicles than its literature, for the expression of its thoughts. Its sentiments come under review, and are laid before the genuine critic in its fine arts, its architecture, painting, music, its churches, its theatres, its public monuments, its popular assemblages, nay, even its dress and fashions. Whatever is an index to the habits of thinking of a people, fairly falls within the attention of the critic.

It has been objected to our pages, as the journal of books and opinion, that we devote a leading portion to a work of fiction; but a work of fiction, of the character we have published, is strictly within our plan. The narrative offers a facility in its form that we were unwise to reject, especially, too,

as this species of writing is the popular one of the day, and a journal, in its very name, appeals to a contemporary interest. There is much nicety of observation, frequent collision and exhibition of character, to be had only in the mixed dialogue and narrative of the novel.

With our old unity of design, we shall continue in the field, with additional resources. We have now closed the first, and most doubtful era of Arcturus.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS,
EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

New York, Nov. 1, 1841.

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ARCTURUS.

No. VII.

The Career OF PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MOTLEY BOOK.'

CHAPTER I.

THE PLATFORM.

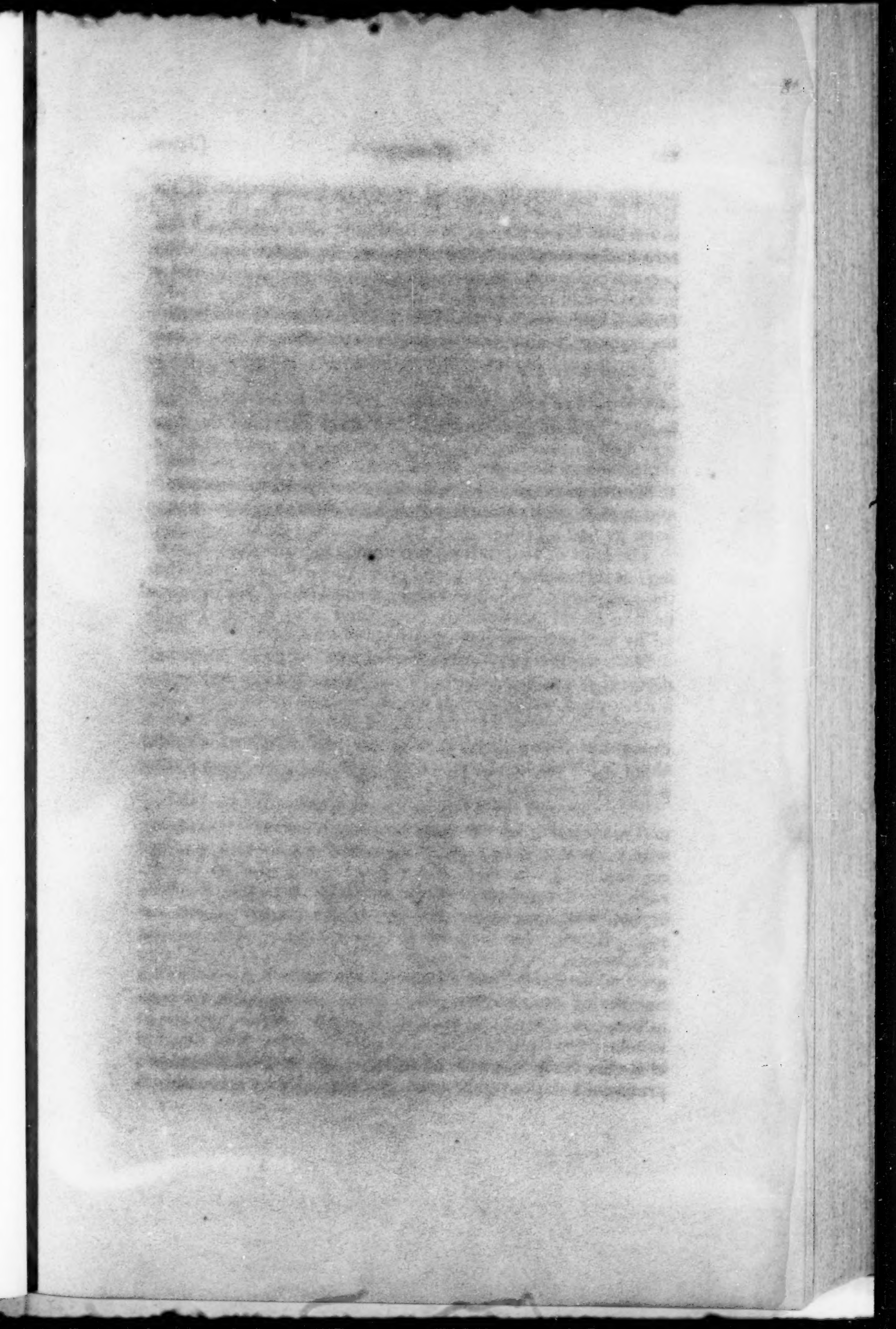
TO SAY that the townspeople of this mighty metropolis were in a state of greater excitement and activity on a certain night in a certain month of November—which it is not necessary more particularly to define—than they are on certain other nights of periodical recurrence, would be to do the said townspeople arrant injustice, and to establish for the chronicler of the following authentic history, at the very outset, a questionable character for truth and plain-speaking. On this immediate occasion, however, there was, it must be confessed, a commendable degree of agitation and enthusiasm visible, in almost every quarter of the city. Crowds were emerging from lane, alley and thoroughfare,

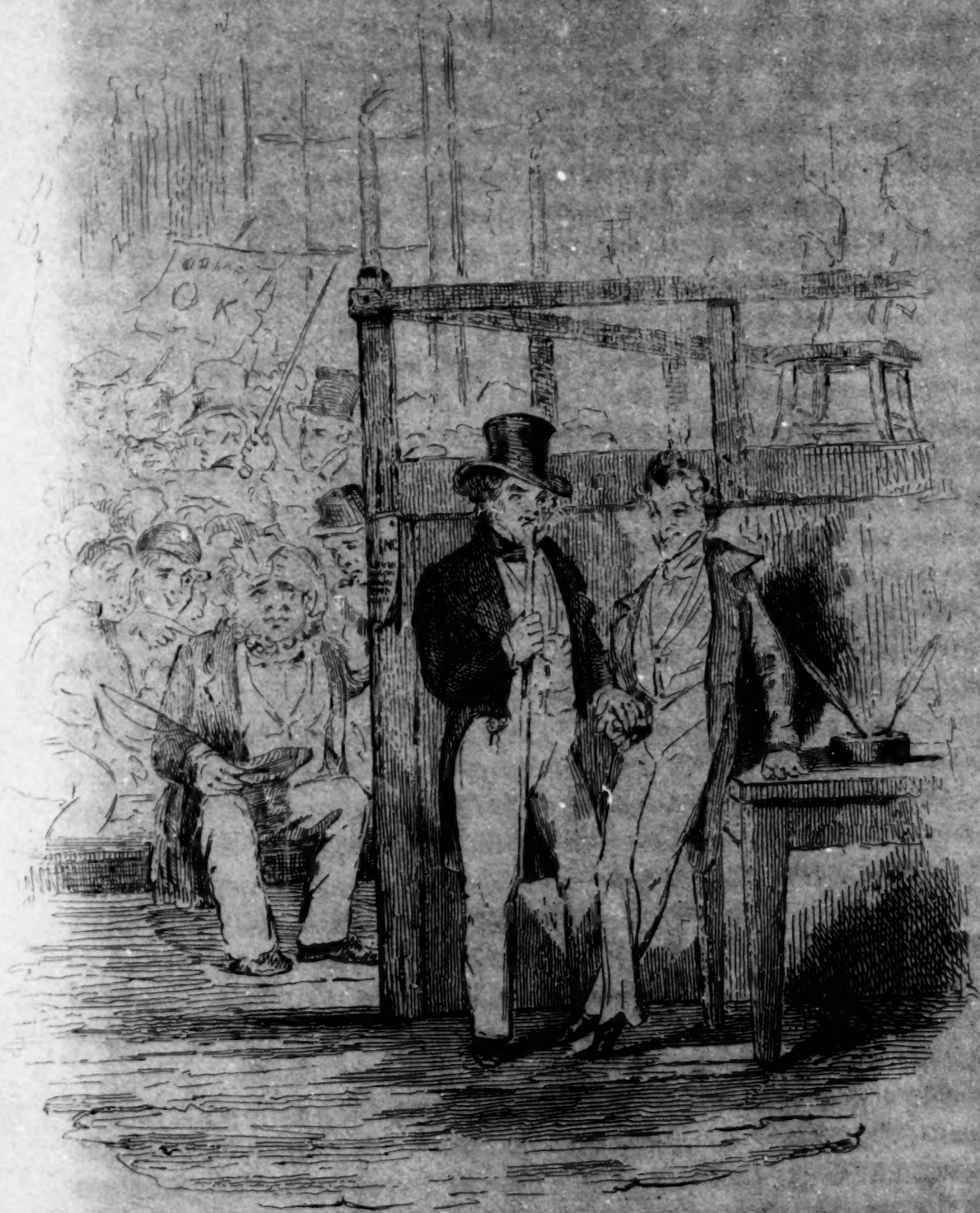
and pouring into the central streets in the direction of the Hall; sometimes in knots of three, four or more, all engaged in earnest conversation, in a loud key, with vehement gesture and faces considerably discolored by excitement. The persons composing these various peripatetic and deliberative groups, could not be said to be of any single class or profession, but mingled together indiscriminately, much after the fashion of a country store-keeper's stock, where a bale of fourth-price flannel neighbors a piece of first-quality linen, and knots of dainty and gallant wine-glasses are brought into a state of sociable confusion, with a gathering of hard-headed, plebian stone-bottles. Although all tended the same way and on the same errand, let no man be so rash and intemperate as to imagine that no distinctions were observed; that certain lines and demarcations were not maintained; and that broadcloth was not careful here, as usual, not to have its fine nap destroyed by the jostling of homespun.

The knot of tough-fisted mechanics kept its course, roaring out its rough sarcasms and great gusts of invective, while the company of well-dressed gentlemen, bound for the same harbor, glided more quietly along, their talk scarcely disturbed by the extravagance of a ripple or an oath.

Here a substantial citizen advanced in great state and dignity, alone, toward the place of gathering, unless his horn-topped walking-stick might be held as suitable company for so grave and dignified a personage; and again a thoughtful young gentleman might be discovered, striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, conning a few common-places for a speech.

This various crowd has at length reached its destination, and scampering up the stairs of a large mis-shapen building with no little heat and racket, finds itself landed in a spacious saloon, facing a raised platform, protected in front by a rough railing, with some score of vacant chairs occupying the floor of the same, and as many stout candles ranged against the rail. Beneath the platform is a small square table, holding a capacious inkstand, ornamented with two or three huge grey goose-quills; and abreast of the table are stretched a number of rude benches, to afford accommodation for such infirm, ease-loving and sedentary individuals, as may see fit to take possession of them; and taken possession of they are at a very early stage of the proceedings, first by a squad of precocious ship-wrights' prentices, secondly by a broad-bot-





"There's a current ten—make me a Vice will ye?"

tomed dairyman who was left at the Hall in the afternoon by one of his own wagons from Bloomingdale, and thirdly by a rout of scrambling fellows, from no place in particular, who push and jostle and clamour their best for the occupancy. The meeting is on the eve of being organized, when in marches a well-fed uppish man—the very citizen that was alone with his cane in the street—who, contemplating the crowd with an air of austere regard, urges himself towards one end of the platform, where he meets a scraggy man, smartly dressed, and displaying from the pillory of a sharp-edged clean shirt-collar, a very knowing countenance extended to the audience, and engages in a whispered conversation, the concluding clause whereof embodies this sterling sentiment, (enforced by the thrusting of a roll at the same time into the open hand of the scraggy gentleman,) “There’s a current ten—make me a vice, will ye?” The scraggy man thereupon cocks his eye significantly, and the stout citizen, slipping away, gets into the outskirts of the crowd, where he stares at the platform and the candles—the political Heaven of ambitious stout gentlemen—as if they were the most remarkable objects in creation, and as if he was perfectly unconscious of the objects for which the meeting was then and there convened.

In due time the meeting was called to order, and the innocent stout gentleman established himself, with five others, upon the platform, as an assistant presiding officer—a vice—of the same. Silence was proclaimed, and a dwarfish little man, with one of the oddest countenances in the world—a cross between a bull-frog and nut-cracker—was lifted upon a high stool by the mob, and commenced reading a manuscript, which he dignified with the name of the “Report of the Anti-Aqueduct Committee, appointed by the citizens of New-York, at a large and respectable meeting held at Fogfire Hall, &c., &c.,” in which was furnished a certain amount of statistics (taken from the ‘Cyclopoedia): a decoction of mouldy jokes (from the newspapers): and a modicum of energetic slang—a direct emanation from the inventive genius of the reader of the Report.

This was a great, a tremendous question—suggested the Anti-Aqueduct manuscript—a question, to come to the point at once, involving the rights of mankind, the interests of universal humanity. If this principle was allowed to pass unopposed—this pernicious principle of setting up pure

water, democratic Adam's ale, the true corporation gin, for purchase—where would we land? The Committee that drafted the Report could tell 'em!—in tyranny, despotism, bloodshed and debauchery. Individuals would get drunk at the pump, as soon as the price was made an object: there was a consideration for them! The people had their rights—here the reader wagged his head vehemently, and grinned like a demon just going out of his senses—he could tell them, and the people could take care of 'em!

A general dissemination of genuine gin cock-tails among the hearers, could have scarcely produced greater excitement than did this most apposite and thrilling sentiment: caps flew up and hats flew off, as if the air were alive with great black insects, and canes came down with a general crash, like a cane-break itself in a state of tornado. It seemed as if they never would be done applauding this happy allusion; and the Committee-man stood on the stool, swaying on one leg, and smiling, as if he considered it the most agreeable spectacle he had ever enjoyed. The Committee did not suppose that it was the purpose of Providence to destroy mankind by a second flood, but they were satisfied, morally satisfied, if such an intention ever did come within the purview of the divine displeasure, the object would undoubtedly be accomplished by the bursting of the Reservoir which it was proposed to erect at the junction of the Third Avenue and Bowery:—at least, the Committee thought it proper to add, as far as the citizens of New-York were concerned. And so the Report rambled on, like an echo among the Dutch Hills, until it finally died away in a thundering Resolution, and the little reader was inadvertently knocked off the stool by a charcoal-vender, who was employed, besides grinning through the sable stains of his trade in a ghastly manner, in swinging his hat in approval of one of the concluding sentiments of his Report.

The charcoal-man was hustled, the little Committee-man set upon his legs, and a vote of thanks unanimously passed, for the able Report just read.

A very long, dull-looking man, next offered a Resolution, and delivered a speech, as long and dull as himself; which Resolution and speech were seconded, by a round, heavy man, in an harangue, quite as rigmarole and ponderose;—when a pause occurred, during which the mob seemed to be reflecting what they should do next. After a proper degree

of cogitation, they commenced shouting for a favorite speaker, who always interested their feelings by proposing a general division of property : which was very liberal in him, as he had nothing to divide but the payment of two-score old debts, and the expenses of a small family ; but he failed to make his appearance. Upon which certain sagacious persons began peering about in the crowd, as if they expected to find him sandwiched away snugly among the carmen, omnibus-drivers and stevedores, there present. Certain other active persons were dispatched into the halls and pur-
lieus of the building ; a self-formed committee of five rushed post-haste for the bar-room ; and one over-zealous individual was so far carried away by his enthusiasm, as to run a mile to the orator's dwelling, and there to demand his person with such breathless incoherence, as to lead his small family to suspect that their dear protector and pay-master harbored the intention of making way with himself.

A second popular favorite was called by the audience ; the same scrutiny instituted, and with the same result. Affairs now looked exceedingly blank, the audience began to despair, and to entertain the horrible expectation of having to go to bed speechless, when an unknown individual pushed convulsively through the crowd, struggled up the steps, and placed himself at the foot of the platform ; and stretching out his right arm to its full extent, began.

He was young—the bloom of roseate health upon his cheek would satisfy them of that. He was timid and doubtful : witness his tremblings and shiverings on presenting himself for the first time before that highly respectable body of august citizens. He was rash and fool-hardy, he was aware, in coming before so intelligent an audience, at that critical moment. But he was actuated and impelled by a sense of duty, which would not allow him to be silent while that great question called for an advocate. They had heard the thunder of the cannon, in the Report : the braying (a slight titter at this word) of trumpets, in the speeches of the two learned gentlemen that had preceded him : and now that the grand overture of battle had been performed, he ventured to come upon the field, and with his simple shepherd's pipe to sound the humbler music of peace. He trusted that no violent, no vindictive feeling, would be indulged towards their opponents. Let their measure pass—let the Aqueduct be reared, and let its waters begin to flow :—from these

very waters, pernicious as they seemed, should be drawn the rainbow of promise for his friends; for the friends of cheap government and good order! Taxation was not democracy: debt was not democracy: public ruin and bankruptcy were not democracy (gently warbled the shepherd's pipe): and if this insane, wolfish and reckless party, wished to destroy itself with its own fangs—why, in God's name, bid them God-speed, and give them a clear field. He would not suggest that the farmers in Westchester county should oppose the passage of the Aqueduct through their own lands—they were freemen, and knew what was what. He would not stir up the Harlaem Bridge Company (Heaven forbid) to withstand this encroachment upon their rights—they were a corporation, and could discriminate carrot from horse-radish. He hoped, he fervently and sincerely hoped and trusted, that the entire race of water-rats and ground-moles might be annihilated, before the undertaking was commenced; so that it might not be impeded or undermined by their operations. At these various hopes and suggestions, as they were delivered, there was an uproarious ha! ha! uttered by the assemblage, who seemed to relish them hugely: and, with a hint or two to the audience, not to allow themselves to be tampered with; not to look on and see their heads taken from their shoulders, and the bread from their children's mouths (all of which was heartily seconded by the hearers); the young orator—the gentle friend of peace—stepped from the platform.

At the conclusion of the speech, some one in the crowd jumped up a foot or two, and shouted, "Three cheers for the last speech!" and three cheers were given, with great animation; and then, at the same suggestion, three more; and three at the end of them. Different members of the audience turned to each other and shook hands, and exclaimed, "Royal," "That was fine," and other like phrases of approbation: and then inquiries were set on foot as to the name of the new speaker, to which no one could furnish a satisfactory answer; and whether he was from this ward or that ward, which was in a state of equal doubt and uncertainty; and finally it was conjectured and suggested, that he didn't belong to any ward at all, but had come from the country: which they were for proving by his rural simile of the rainbow, (rainbows not being indigenous in incorporated

towns), and his intimate acquaintance with the feelings of the Westchester County farmers, and ground-moles.

Whatever might be his name and origin, his foot had no sooner touched the floor than he felt his sleeve twitched, and turning, he discovered a singular-looking little gentleman, beckoning him to follow.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH HOBBLESHANK.

Disengaging himself from the crowd at Fogfire Hall, the young Politician followed his unknown conductor into the open air. From the rapidity with which he moved, in advance, although his gait was shuffling and uncertain, he was not fairly overtaken until he had reached the mouth of a neighboring Refectory, at which, pausing only for an instant glance at the young man's countenance—which seemed to create a pleasurable feeling, and caused him to smile strenuously—he plunged down the steps. The young Politician followed, and found himself in a close narrow room, the air of which was musty with confinement, and, having no opportunity, from the pent place where it was imprisoned, to ramble about among meadows and fresh streams to enliven itself, depended on fumes of brandy and clouds of cigar-smoke, for whatever life it exhibited. A tall man stood before the fire, who would have inevitably perished of its noxious qualities, if he had not taken occasion, through the day, to stand up the steps with his head and shoulders above ground, contemplating the clay-covered wagons that came in fresh from the country.

Judging from the starved, narrow-breasted skeletons of turkies and fowls, the cold, sepulchral hams, the cadaverous, shrunken legs of mutton, and the dwarfed tarts and bread-rolls, that lay in miserable heaps on the table, they might have easily concluded that the pie-house into which they had descended was the dreary family vault, to which melancholy butchers, bakers and poulterers were in the habit of consigning such of their professional progeny, as had ceased to have life and merchantable qualities on earth. The room was, of all possible dirty rooms, the dirtiest: with walls smoked and tallow-stained; an unsanded floor; tables spot-

ted all over, like the double-six of dominoes; and a fire, with just enough animation to blush at the other appointments of the place. The pie-house had its pretensions, too: for it possessed not only a common-room for outside customers, but a private parlor—snug and select—cut off from its vulgar neighbor by elegant blue curtains, made to resemble patches of dirty blue sky—moving on a wire with jingling brass rings, and entered by a half-raised step.

Upon this, which was little more than a large stall after all, they entered. The mysterious little gentleman, drawing the curtains behind them, rushed up to the fire and rubbed his hands together over the blaze, opened the curtains, thrust out his head, called for oysters and beer, and took his station at one side of the table in the middle of the floor. "It's all right," said the stranger, "Don't be alarmed. My name is Hobbleshank—what's yours?"

"Puffer Hopkins," replied the young Politician, surveying more closely his whimsical companion.

He was an irregular-built little gentleman, about fifty-five years of age, with a pale face, twitched out of shape somewhat by a paralytic affection; with one sound eye, and one in a condition of semi-transparency, which gave to his features something of a ghostly or goblin character; and hedging in and heightening the effect of the whole, a pair of bushy black whiskers, of a fine, vigorous growth. The little gentleman wore a faded blue frock, short pantaloons, low shoes, an eye-glass, and a hat considerably dilapidated and impaired by age.

The singularity and whim of the little old gentleman's demeanor was shown, in his shambling up side-ways toward Puffer whenever he addressed him, and looking up timidly, first with the doubtful eye, as if sounding his way, and then with the sound one; fortifying himself, from time to time, from an immense snuff-box, which he carried awkwardly in his left hand.

"That was an excellent speech, young man!" said the strange little gentleman, dropping into a seat and simultaneously swallowing an oyster black with pepper.

"I trust the sentiments were correct," modestly suggested his companion.

"Never better, sir: sound as a Newtown pippin, to the core," continued the strange little gentleman, "But you are young yet, sir—quite young—and have a thing or two to

learn. Be good enough not to advance upon the stage again, if you please, without your coat buttoned snug to the chin, which shows that you mean to give them a resolute speech—a devilish resolute speech,” exclaimed the little gentleman, glaring on the youth with his spectre eye, “full of storm and thunder, sir:—or else, with your breasts thrown wide back, indicating that you are about to regale them with an airy, well-ventilated and very candid effusion.”

Appreciating the interest that the little old gentleman expressed in his future success, his companion promised to comply, as far as in him lay, with these new requisitions in the art of addressing public bodies.

“There was an awful omission,” continued the strange gentleman, “a very awful and unpardonable omission, in your harangue to-night.” The little old gentleman’s voice sounded sepulchral, and his companion cast his eyes anxiously about the select parlor.

“For Heaven’s sake, what was that, sir?” asked the young gentleman, regarding his censor with intense interest.

“Why, sir,” said the little old gentleman, relaxing into a grim smile, “where were your banners? You had’nt one in your whole speech! An address to a political assembly in New-York, and not a tatter of bunting in the whole of it—you must excuse me, but it’s the weakest thing I’ve ever known. An army might as well go into battle as an orator into our popular meetings, without his flags and standards. Where were your stars, too? There was’nt even the twinkle of a comet’s tail in the whole harangue: they expect it. Stars are the pepper and salt of a political discourse—mind that if you please!”

At this passage, the little old gentleman became thoughtful, and fell upon his oysters and beer with horrible avidity; which process caused him to grow more thoughtful than ever. “Many a good speech have I heard,” he at length said, contemplating Puffer Hopkins with melancholy regard, “whose deliverer now lies under the tombstone. Others lie there, too!—I’d give my life, sir,” he exclaimed earnestly, pressing his hands closely together, “my life with its resulting interest, if I dared, for a minute’s gaze at features that are lying in the silence and darkness of dust. That’s hard, sir—too hard to bear: a young wife borne away in her bloom by a cold, cruel hearse—black, all over black! And then what followed—do you recollect what followed? I’m a fool—you know no-

thing of it; why should you? Life is a green field to you, without as much as a grave or a furrow in it all."

"I am not too sure of that," answered Puffer Hopkins, "for I have a dim remembrance of a death that touched me nearly, long ago; whose death I cannot say, but a vision, away off in past times—of a darkened house—a solemn train issuing forth, with one figure staggering into the funeral coach, drunk with excess of grief—the heavy roll of wheels—and many tears and lamentations in the small household."

While he delivered this, Hobbleshank looked earnestly in his face, as if he discovered in what he said a meaning deeper than the words. At this there was a long silence, which Puffer Hopkins at length attempted to break, by stating to his companion the character in which he had appeared that night, for the first time, at Fogfire Hall.

"I know," said Hobbleshank, pushing his open palm toward Puffer Hopkins, "Do'nt say a word:—I know all about it. You're a young professional trader in politics and patriotism; a beginner—just opened to-night with your first speech, and a fresh assortment of apostrophes and gesticulations. I know you are new in the business, for when you spoke of Heaven, and Eternal Justice, you looked at the audience! Very green, my boy: an old spouter, in such a case, always rolls his eye-balls back under their lids, and smells of the chandelier, which is much better, although the odor is'nt pleasant."

"A mere 'prentice at the business I'confess myself," answered Puffer.

"I wish you would bear in mind, too," continued his whimsical adviser, "when you address a mixed audience, and have occasion to speak of the majesty of the people, that the established rule is, not to stare at any individual dirty face in the middle of the crowd, but to look away off, beyond the crowd entirely; as if you discovered what you're speaking about in some remote suburb with which they have nothing to do. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," replied Puffer: "But is'nt there generally some placid gentleman or other, who comes to the meeting early, and plants himself in front of the platform at a proper distance, with the praiseworthy purpose of having the speaker lay out all his strength in gazing at him, and moving his bowels and understanding? I used to think so—and have

tried it more than once : it feels very pleasant, I can assure you."

"What of that? It's your business to humble these gentry—they're aristocracy in disguise, and borrow their cartmen's hats to come to public meetings in. No, no :—" cried Hobbleshank with emphasis, "Do'nt you be caught in that trap. Do you pick out the dirtiest waistcoat in the audience, with the most cadaverous face in the room peering over it—pitch your eye upon the second button from the top, just where the proof of a lack of under-garments becomes overwhelming—and fire away. Your target's a poor scamp—the beggarliest in the house—with an understanding like a granite rock, (needing the whole force of an incorporated company of metaphysicians to quarry and dress it)—and a select circle of acquaintance, among wharfingers, small boatmen and bean-eaters, near the market. That's your man. Dash your hair back from your brow, swing your arms, and do'nt spare flowers, knuckles, tropes and desk-lids."

By the time Hobbleshank had arrived at this division of his subject, he had reached—working himself along by degrees—the extremity of the stall, and was standing on his toes, with his goggle eyes glaring over the partition at a melancholy personage—the very counterpart of his description—who sate on a stool by the fire, with his piece of hat drawn over his eyes, with one leg on the ground, and the other thrust under him on the seat.

"That's one of them," whispered Hobbleshank, casting an eye down at Puffer, and pointing with his finger over the partition. "No, it isn't, after all, for there's the top of a book sticking out of his pocket. Our kidney don't know books."

Puffer Hopkins leaned out of the stall, and stretching himself forward, contemplated the object to which Hobbleshank directed him ; but instantly drew back, and seizing his companion by the skirts, pulled him, almost by main force, into his seat.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake!" he said, as he bent forward and placed his mouth at the ear of Hobbleshank, "That's my poor neighbor, Fob, the tailor."

These brief words were delivered in such a way as if Puffer Hopkins expected their mere utterance would silence his companion, and cause an entire revolution in the feel-

ings with which he had regarded the sorry creature before the pie-house fire.

"A poor tailor!" he echoed, "well, is that all?"

"Yes: that's all!" answered Hopkins.

"Nothing more?" asked Hobbleshank.

"Nothing more," replied Puffer Hopkins.

These questions were asked and answered, in tones that brought the conversation between them to a dead pause; at which it staid for a good many minutes: when Puffer Hopkins, rousing a little, asked "If that was'nt enough?"

At this moment the poor gentleman at the fire waked, heaved a great sigh, and taking an imperfect copy of a book from his pocket, and lifting his hat from his eyes, fell to perusing it with great earnestness; all of which interfered, very seriously, with any further conversation on his condition and prospects in life—so that after contemplating him steadily for several minutes, they thought proper to retreat to the previous subject of their discourse.

"You should'nt have dropped from the platform so suddenly," said Hobbleshank.

"I was through my speech," answered Puffer Hopkins, "and wished to get out of sight at once."

"Out of sight!" exclaimed his companion, as if unconscious of Puffer's presence, "What a fool the boy is. Why, sir, if you intend to be a politician—a thriving one I mean—you must keep yourself in view, like St. Paul's steeple, that frowns down on you, wherever you go through the city. Out of sight, indeed! You should have made a bow to the audience—wheeled about—seized the first adjacent hand on the stage—shook it with the utmost violence, smiling in the owner's face all the while, very pleasantly—and then planted yourself on a chair fronting the audience—hooked your elbows over the corner of the chair-top—smiling steadily on the populace, and leaving off, only, every now and then, to nurse your ruffle and pull down your wristbands."

"I'll endeavor to practice this next time," said Puffer, meekly.

"Do," said Hobbleshank, "And look to your costume, if you please. What do you mean by wearing this brown coat, and having your hair cut plain?"

"I don't know why I had my hair cut this way," answered Puffer, "but I wore the coat, because it was large in the sleeves, and allowed a wide spread of the arms when I came

to the rainbow—thus,” and he expanded his arms after the manner of an arch, as he had, indeed, endeavored to do in the delivery of his speech, but was prevented, at the time, from the embarrassment of having to employ his handkerchief in clearing the sweat which oozed out in liquid drops on his forehead. “You recollect the simile?”

“Perfectly,” answered Hobbleshank: “And don’t station yourself next time, sir, on the lowest point of the platform—but stand forth in the centre, making wings of the six vices on either side of you, and compelling the anxious presiding officer directly behind you to stretch his neck around the skirt of your coat, and to look up in your face with painful eagerness to catch what you’re saying, which always makes the audience, who have great confidence in the head of the meeting, very attentive. It’s a grand stroke to make a tableau on any stage—worthy of the biggest type on the show-bills—and here you have one of the very finest imaginable.”

“But as to the orator’s position,” asked Puffer, “Do you think a public speaker is ever justifiable in standing on his toes?”

“In extreme cases, he may be,” answered Hobbleshank, pondering, “But it’s best to rise gradually with your hearers: and, if you can have a private understanding with one of the waiters, to fix a chair conveniently, a wooden-bottomed Windsor, mind, and none of your rushers—for it’s decidedly funny and destroys the effect, to hear a gentleman declaiming about a sinking-fund, or a penal code, or the abolition of imprisonment for debt, up to his belly in a broken chair-frame. As the passion grows upon you, plant your right leg on one of the rounds, then on the bottom, and finally, when you feel yourself at red-heat, spring into the chair, waive your hat, and call upon the audience to die for their country, their families and their firesides—or any other convenient reason.” As Hobbleshank advanced in his discourse, he had illustrated its various topics by actual accompaniments: mounting first on his legs, then the bench, and ended by leaping upon the table, where he stood brandishing his broken hat, and shouting vociferously for more oysters.

No reply to this uproarious summons appearing, Hobbleshank thrust his head between the curtains, discovered that the tailor had vanished, and that the tall man was sitting against the chimney-piece with his legs stretched upon a

stool, and sound asleep. He snatched up his hat, and hurrying toward the street, said he thought it was time to go.

As it had worn far into the heart of the night, Puffer Hopkins could not gainsay the postulate, and followed on. Hobbleshank keeping a little in advance, they rambled thus through many streets; the little old gentleman sometimes hurrying them forward at a gallop, and again subsiding into a slow, careful step—as if he kept pace with the heavy chimes that were sounding midnight from the town-clocks, or perchance, with thoughts that beat at his heart with a sharper stroke.

“Be constant, child,” said he, as he was preparing to leave his companion, “in your visits to popular associations and gatherings: many a man is platformed and scaffolded by these committees and juntas, into the high places of the nation.” He then told Hopkins where he could leave word for him, in case he should at any time require advice or assistance; said that, if he chose, he might be at Barrell’s oyster-house the next evening, and he would wait upon him to one of these assemblages; and before Puffer Hopkins could answer one way or the other, he had disappeared from his side, and vanishing into a bye-street, was soon lost in the darkness.

It cannot be matter of wonder that Puffer made his way home with a head considerably bewildered and unsettled by the occurrences of the night. The great popular gathering; his own first speech; the thundering and tumultuous applause; and, what fastened itself with peculiar force upon his imagination, the voice and figure of the little old man, uttering pensive truths or shrewd observations, with the kindly interest he had expressed in himself from the first moment—all crowded upon him, and made him feel that he was in an actual world, where, if he would but bestir himself, fortune might prove his friend. The result of the whole was, that he determined to prosecute his career: and in furtherance of that determination, he resolved to meet Hobbleshank again; the last image that his mind distinctly recognized, ere it yielded to sleep, being that of the little paralytic, passing and repassing, at times dissolved in tears, and again, filling his chamber with the echoes of smothered laughter!

DR. DONNE.

IT WOULD be a want of proper literary veneration, to repeat the story of the life of Donne, after the simple and beautiful narrative of Izaak Walton. There are no new facts in the biographical dictionaries and scant books of reference, within the reach of the American reader, to add to the stock of information ; though perhaps the inquisitiveness of modern students might be gratified by the discovery of many interesting details, that probably still lie hidden in the antiquarian collections in England. Donne has not received the same attention from editors, that has been given to many of his contemporaries ; perhaps the neglect in this studious biographical age is the best compliment that could be paid to the life by Walton. We may well be content with the life thus written ; its touching pathos cannot be produced again : for Walton, with the feeling of a poet in his heart, loved the man, too, as his friend. The admirers of Donne must be satisfied with its eulogy, and he left no detractors to question its truth. The clear, amiable style of Walton, is as clean of ambiguities as his heart. A crooked-minded man could not have written in his style. As narrative biographies, imbued with a rare grace and harmony in the selection and arrangement of details, the truthful proportion between the space and prominence given to the act in the story, and the virtuous motive in the heart of the subject, no *truer* lives appear to have been written. No modern biographies come nearer to them in spirit, than some of the minor lives by Southey. They are not to be regarded, indeed, as critical biographies ; but the men of whom the apostolic fisherman wrote, needed no great ingenuity to be understood.

From the perusal of the life of Donne, the reader will turn to his writings to seek the best illustration of his character. Whatever he has left, may be expected to be genuine and worth study ; for it is evident that the writer was a complete well developed man. He lived no artificial life ; he passed through many remarkable scenes of adversity and good fortune ; of which the latter were not the less important to the growth of the man. The hardihood of the plant may be tried in the storm and tempest, but it is only in the sunshine that its true form and beauty is seen. The true nobility of

Donne's soul was approved in both. As we closed the book of his life we said involuntarily, Here lived a thoroughly furnished man, with a soul derived from worthy ancestors, liberally educated among books in youth, instructed by travel, kindled and made to know itself and others by strong passionate youthful love, disciplined by sorrow and a resolute contest with the world, led forth into the joyful nourishing atmosphere of good fortune, and refined by the study of theology and a living spirit of religion, that rivalled the zeal of ascetics and the Christianity of the early church.

The literary standing of Donne has for a long time been merely that of the leader of the metaphysical poets skilfully analyzed by Johnson in the life of Cowley. The faults of that school, after the lapse of several new eras of taste and criticism, are transparent to the most careless reader of the present day: its virtues need a keen philosophical spirit of sympathy to be felt. The censure of the so-called metaphysical poets, has been too indiscriminate; they were not wholly given up to affectation or conceit; Donne and Cowley were too honest, too poetical by nature, to practice exclusively the forced tricks of art. We must not judge of them by the literary habits of our own times; but, looking at them as foreign authors, so to speak, translate them out of the seventeenth century into the nineteenth.

We have no intention of palliating the censure of Donne in common with the other perverse writers of his times. They mistook the true laws of poetry, for they failed in the universality of style, nature's own simplicity, by which Homer and Shakspeare are to be intelligible for ever. They are not read, and never can be again, in the spirit in which they were written. But we must not forget that below the pure unvarying Parnassian heights there is a changing atmosphere, that still protects the houses and haunts of men, though it is fickle and inconstant. The metaphysical poets were no unprofitable writers in their own day and generation; they were understood by their contemporaries; and in their own way the most ingenious and wire-drawn of their conceits, at which our modern smooth taste looks with pain, drew forth hidden and deep ecstasies of feeling. The preaching of Scotch covenanters would be laughed at in a New-York pulpit, now, but it had its unction and graces to the persecuted martyrs of the Highlands. There are many avenues to the heart. To a class of readers already bent

upon subtleties by a scholastic education and studies, the toughest of these old metaphysical conceits may have conveyed as gently the whispers of affection, as the harmonious lines of Thomas Moore to modern ears. It is unfair to say, as Jonson has concluded, that these intellectual writers had no heart. There never was a good head, without the capacity of a liberal, generous heart. The very titles of the poems, and their personal character—treating of love and friendship—might have prevented this remark; which, it must be said, comes with an ill grace from the author of the vague generalities of *Irene*, and the satirical imitation of Juvenal. A generous man gives such offerings as he has:—the whole intellectual wealth of these poets was offered up at the shrine of love and friendship. A clown will make love after his low fashion, and talk of sheep and oxen; a citizen of the same grade will think of kettles and pans, and the delights of house-keeping; in all this the heart is liberal according to its treasure,—why should not the learned poet aggrandize the object of his affection by instances scholastic, scientific, imaginative, eccentric? His imagination can make realities out of “airy nothings”; his love for the world and all things in it bind together in an electric chain of affection the remotest analogies. There can be no more unfair criticism than that, which judges of poets’ thoughts by the ordinary operations of the mind. For what do we read books? to be flattered by the re-production of our old ideas; or to get out of ourselves, and task the mind with the productions of others?

Many of the strange conceits might be philosophically defended. Some of them are successful even with modern readers, by their very acuteness and corresponding nicety of truth: others, that have been abused for their remoteness, when we look at them, are very good poetry after all. Johnson, in his examples, ridicules a passage of Donne, in which Death is compared to a Voyage,

No family
E’er rigg’d a soul for Heaven’s discovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their stakes, with him in joy to share;

but this is a natural, even a fine conception, if we look at it by the light of the times in which it was written. There could then be no more poetical idea than that of voyaging

and discovery, (not stripped of all romance yet), when Raleigh and Essex were setting forth on the ocean in the faith of unknown wonders, and gallant spirits flocked around them to venture forth in a new world. It is probable that many pious Christians have at this day a less imaginative idea of Heaven, than was then held of America by those chivalrous adventurers.

A list of choice happy passages may easily be given to counteract Johnson's catalogue of defects. There is a joyous burst of fanciful illustrations in the Epithalamium on the marriage of the celebrated queen of Bohemia, the idol of the court of James I., which Charles Lamb has imitated in his Valentine's day. "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine," &c.

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds are thy parishioners :
Thou marry'st every year
The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove ;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love ;
The household bird, with the red stomacher.

This musical passage ought to neutralize the celebrated metaphysical puzzle that occurs in the same poem.

Here lies a She Sun, and a He Moon there,
She gives the best light to his sphere ;
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe.

In spite of this, Donne, in many poems, deserves to be studied for his grace and ease. His mind was full of poetic impulses, "reaching from earth to heaven;" he frequently commences with ardor and beauty, and then falls away into a train of poor conceits. Had he understood the laws of true poetry as well as Milton, he might have equalled the beauty of Lycidas and the minor poems.

Here is a rapid beginning in one of the amatory poems, a choice prelude hastily struck on the lyre :

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the God of Love was born :
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.

and then follows a table of Actives and Passives, Correspondency and Subject.

In some respects the genius of Donne resembled that of his friend Ben Jonson; amid the constant rugged style of each, there were flowers of strange beauty found growing in the clefts of the rock. A writer in Dr. Hawks' Church Record, in an article upon Donne's Sermons, says, that among the divines, Donne resembled Jeremy Taylor, as Ben Jonson resembled Shakspeare. There is much truth in the parallel; perhaps better sustained by Donne's sermons than his poetry. In his early poems, Donne reminds us of Suchling, in a gay airy vein, which the latter appears to have imitated, especially from the following

SONG.

Goe, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot.
Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envie's stinging,
And find,
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders, that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

Jonson heartily admired Donne, and used to quote, among other passages, one from the Calm, as perfect in its effect.

And in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.

Equally grave and picturesque, is the following single line :

The deep,
Where harmless fish monastique silence keep.

In the sermons of Donne, there are instances of a remarkable fineness and strength of fancy: chiefly confined to thoughts of death, and kindred topics. He makes a happy use of his learning in the funeral sermon, preached over the body of King James.

“Behold him, therefore, crowned with the crown that his mother gives him; his mother, the earth. In ancient times, when they used to reward soldiers with particular kinds of crowns, there was a great dignity in *corona graminea*, in a crown of grass, that denoted a conquest, or defence of that land. He that hath but *coronam gramineam*, a turf of grass in a church-yard, hath a crown from his mother, and even in that burial, taketh seizure of the resurrection, as by a turf of grass men give seizure of land.”

In a similar vein, are such passages as the following :

“As soon as we were clothed by God, our very apparel was an emblem of death. In the skins of dead beasts he covered the skins of dying men. * * * Hath any man forgot to-day that yesterday is dead! And the bell tolls for to-day, and will ring out anon; and for as much of every one of us, as appertains to this day. * * * It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in the chimney, are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons’ graves is speechless too; it says nothing; it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blew it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the church-yard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the church-yard, who will under-

take to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, 'this is the patrician, this the noble flour, and this is the yeomanly, this the plebian bran?'"

"God made the first marriage, and man made the first divorce; God married the body and soul in the creation, and man divorced the body and soul by death, through sin, in his fall. God doth not admit, not justify, not authorize, such superinductions upon such divorces, as some have imagined; that the soul departing from one body, should become the soul of another body, in a perpetual revolution and transmigration of souls through bodies, which hath been the giddiness of some philosophers to think; or that the body of the dead should become the body of an evil spirit, that that spirit might at his will, and to his purposes inform, and inanimate that dead body; God allows no such superinductions, no such second marriages, upon such divorces by death, no such disposition of soul or body, after their dissolution by death; but, because God hath made the bond of marriage indissoluble but by death, farther than man can die, this divorce cannot fall upon man; as far as man is immortal, man is a married man still—still in possession of a soul, and a body too; and man is forever immortal in both; immortal in his soul by preservation, and immortal in his body by reparation in the resurrection. For, though they be separated *à thoro et mensa*, from bed and board, they are not divorced; though the soul be at the table of the Lamb, in glory, and the body but at the table of the serpent, in dust; though the soul be in *lecto florido*, (Cant. i. 16,) in that bed which is always green, in an everlasting spring, in Abraham's bosom; and the body but in that green-bed, whose covering is but a yard and a half of turf, and a rug of grass, and the sheet but a winding-sheet, yet they are not divorced; they shall return to one another again, in an inseparable re-union in the resurrection."

OF ETERNITY.—"A day that hath no pridie, nor postridie; yesterday doth not usher it in, nor to-morrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom, of a night's growth, compared to this day; all the four monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful kings, and all the beautiful queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six,

some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning in respect of this day."

We like to read the theology of Donne, by the light of his early love poems. The sincerity of his affection, is remarkable in both. It is not long since we met with a bigotted, ungenerous use of some passages of his early life. In his youth, Donne was a gay, ardent lover, and committed some passages to paper, for the printing of which, after his death, we are indebted to his scape-grace son, who followed the worst manners of the court of Charles II. ; but Donne was never a profligate, or a libertine. He had an ardent imagination, and was a hearty lover ; and was sometimes so natural in his poetry, as to address his wife as his mistress. The history of his love and marriage, is one of the purest and most touching stories of affection superior to trial and misfortune. His friendships were with the best men of his day. To hold his life up to the vulgar sot or rake, as an illustration of the converting power of religion, is to misunderstand not only Donne, but the spirit of Christianity itself. If Donne had not been a very devoted lover, he would not have been the same zealous Dean of St. Paul's. Donne repented, aye, bitterly ; he felt the sorrow which haunts every man of true feeling in this world, in every fibre of his sensitive heart ; his later writings are filled with painful contrition : a contrition too sacred to be impertinently spoken of by a mere critic, or hastily quoted even in a sermon. If sinners are to be reclaimed only by coarse appeals and examples of penitent men, let other subjects be selected for anatomy. Do not torture the fine harmony of Donne's spiritual life, to give forth those warnings to the profligate, which may be drawn, if need be, from meaner natures.

D.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

A REMARKABLE neglect is visible, on the part of our periodical writers, in the department of theatrical criticism. Whether this neglect arise from the low state of the Drama in this country, from the puritanical abhorrence

in which the entertainments of the Theatre are held, or from the deficiency of critical acumen in the attendants on those performances, we will not pretend to decide. We merely advert to the fact. We have no dramatic critics, worth the name. The newspaper notices of plays and actors, are just the counterpart of the judgments given, in the same places, on new books and authors: so general as to fit either side of the question; so extravagant, both in censure and praise, as to amount to nothing at all. With those who are acquainted with these matters, such notices produce the negative effect of exciting contempt of their writers; and with the ignorant, they serve to bewilder and confuse.

They manage this better in England. There, theatrical criticism takes rank as a separate department of Art, and forms a prominent branch of periodical writing. A good dramatic critic is there well paid, and occupies an honorable position. In this country, notices of the Theatre are, generally, prepared by different hands; friends, or persons connected with the paper or magazine. This leads to a variety and distraction of opinion, and breaks up all unity and order:—they undertake to judge of the art of acting, who have yet to learn the art of criticism. To paint an animated portrait, disentangle the meshes of a plot, or trace the incidents of a drama, require a knowledge of both of these arts—the one furnishing the material: the other, the instrument.

Occasionally, papers strictly theatrical, devoted entirely to the stage, have been started: but tenth-rate merit could not prolong a very short existence. They, gradually fell off. In some of our weekly journals, too, sensible remarks enough, have appeared on certain Stars: nothing, however, like nicely balanced and thoroughly digested criticism. A neat theatrical paper, in the *London Examiner*, is worth (we had almost said it) a month's notices in all of our journals.

The progress of theatrical criticism has been regular, though not always even with the advancement of the *Histrionic* art. It was behind it at an early period: now, it is, at least, abreast of the Drama. The first good writing of the kind, we find in the *Tatler*. Steele, among his other talents, was a genial critic on plays and actors; and, in the very first number of that celebrated collection, has included a graceful tribute to Betterton. Many scattered criticisms, evincing fine tact and liberal sense, frequently occur in that charming work. Colley Cibber, a little before the middle

of the last century, published his life, almost entirely a dramatic auto-biography, in which he has left to us the best portraits of his contemporaries, Booth, Betterton, Wilkes, Dogget, Kynaston, Mrs. Bracegirdle, &c. In the present age, three dramatic critics of first rate excellence have appeared: Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. Until their time, no critic since Cibber is to be quoted. Of these, Hazlitt and Hunt were professional critics. Lamb wrote, merely, for his own gratification and that of his friends, and for the delight of posterity. During the interval of which we have spoken, the lives of actors fell into as bad hands, as their performances on the stage. Dull Boaden wrote lives of "glorious John" Kemble and the Queenly Siddons. This has been, generally, the fate of actors. It is not enough that, alive, they rest under imputed sins (often ideal); but they must also be martyred in their very graves. Few lives have so much romance in them, as the lives of actors: so full of variety, character and adventure. To write these well, requires neither invention nor fancy, but an agreeable style and biographical skill. Yet shall you, almost always, discover a theatrical biography a vapid, spiritless thing. The proper historian is not procured. Congeniality is not preserved: hence, strange incongruities are seen. Thus, Barry Cornwall *does* the life of Edmund Kean; about as congenial a task as editing Ben Jonson. Proctor might have succeeded very well with Miss O'Neill or perhaps Miss Kelly; but his delicate genius was ill fitted to paint the stormy passions of Richard, Shylock and Sir Giles Overreach. Soft plaintive sighs of Belvidera and Monimia, better suit his gentle temper. Our good Dunlap, also, attempted the life of Cooke—a turbulent genius!—and with equal success.

Clever reminiscences, as Dibdin's, Taylor's and Bunn's, afford the material for biography: but, they are not lives.

Of the three contemporary critics we have mentioned, Lamb was much the most delicate and subtle. His few occasional pieces are complete. "On some of the old Actors;" "On the acting of Munden," (a highly finished miniature); "On the acting of Shakspeare's Tragedies;" "Ellistoniana," an affecting retrospect; "To the shade of Elliston," a fine prose ode. Excessive delicacy (a rare and noble defect) is perhaps a fault in Lamb's critiques—he is too fine: but this may be called, and very justly, a hyper-criticism. Lamb's

essay on *Lear*, is probably the noblest criticism ever written—every way worthy of the subject, fully coping with it.

Talford, in his essay on Hazlitt, gives the palm to Hunt, after an elaborate parallel of the two. Hunt, in his way, is superior to Hazlitt; but is that style equal, in kind, to Hazlitt's? Hunt gives the narrative: Hazlitt the analytical part of criticism. Both are descriptive; but, with a difference. Hunt analyzes the plot; Hazlitt, the characters—the one looks most to the incidents; the other, to the moral. Hunt is easier and more graceful; Hazlitt, more vigorous and splendid—in point of brilliancy there can be no comparison. In a word, Hazlitt is more strictly the critic; Hunt unites the gossip and essayist. A volume of Hunt's, published some years ago, does not read as well as Hazlitt's volume. Hunt's pieces, at the time they were first printed, we imagine were more generally acceptable. In his reminiscences, this writer gives a very pleasing account of his first attempts in this department, and the state of theatrical criticism at that time. It was in London, then, at as low an ebb as it is at New-York now. Hunt is deserving the praise Talford gives him, of the father of our present theatrical criticism.

Probably the separate causes we assigned for the low state of our theatrical criticism, all concur in producing it. We are without good actors; public opinion has set in, with all the force of ignorant prejudice, against the profession of an actor and theatrical entertainments; and, we have not as yet the right race of critics.

The comedians have left us: tragedy is extinct. Opera and burlesque, the melo-drama and the ballet, have literally swallowed up the legitimate drama, (a cant phrase we employ in default of a better). Then, we are not a theatrical people; decidedly the reverse. The best reason is, we want critics—clever critics would make something out of the very defect of ordinary matter. They would make us laugh, at all events. They would create entertainment of some sort.

Madame Vestris' theatre in London is now the home of genuine comedy. There, is little Keeley, and Farren, C. Matthews, the inimitable Madame Vestris, a whole company in herself, and Harley, while Liston's countenance is still essentially a part of the performance, though he only appears in the boxes. Dowton and C. Kemble have just retired. Yates is still alive: Power, we trust, is among them—too full of soul and humor, to die a watery death. Spirits like his,

should rather be drowned, like Duke Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey.

Such acting stimulates the press. The clever contributors in the dramatic department, cannot avoid catching inspiration from such subjects for their pen.

From the little we have seen, we should judge the French to be proficient, here—their criticisms are neat and lively. The proverbial excellence of French comedy, no less than the polite attention of French audiences, must conduce to this.

The tendency of judicious theatrical criticism is most beneficial, both to the actor and to the public. To both, it presents, as it were, the comparative anatomy of the stage. It paints individuals, as well as groups. To the public, it is useful, inasmuch as it educates their tastes: to the actor, it furnishes the aid of just applause and well-directed censure. It is his best guide. It is his surest support. Without it, there will be much indifferent acting, even in good actors. Where the standard is low, performance will not be likely to rise to a high pitch. Actors rarely lead the way: the critic must often point out the true path.

Successive critics write connectedly the history of the stage, each from his own point of view, with fresh feeling, and amid all the peculiar interests of his time. Future actors ought to study the lives and characters of their great masters, for imitation and as beacons—endeavoring to rival their splendid qualities, and to avoid their captivating errors.

J.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

WE ARE happy to perceive that the cultivation of the American landscape is beginning to receive no inconsiderable attention, and that in the hands of the more enthu-

* A treatise on the theory and practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America; with a view to the improvement of country residences. Comprising historical notices and general principles of the art, directions for laying out grounds and arranging plantations, the description and cultivation of hardy trees, decorative accompaniments to the house and grounds, the formation of pieces of artificial water, flower gardens, etc., with remarks on rural architecture, illustrated by engravings. By A. J. DOWNING. New-York and London: Wiley & Putnam: 1841. 8vo. pp. 452. Price \$3.50.

siastic, gardening begins already to lay claims to the dignity of an art. Perhaps there is no country in the world which offers a stronger inducement to the labors of the lover of cultivated nature, than the United States. Compared with the countries of Europe, nature has here outstripped them all in the prodigality of her gifts. Of the trees of Europe, there are but thirty species in France that attain the height of thirty feet; of these, only eighteen enter into the composition of the forests, and only seven are employed in building. In all Germany, in the fullest extent, from the North Sea to the shores of the Adriatic, also including Switzerland, there are about sixty native trees, even including those which seldom if ever exceed the height of twenty feet; and not more than twenty-five of these deserve the title of forest trees: while in the United States (east of the Mississippi) there are indigenous more than one hundred and fifty trees which exceed thirty feet in height. There are at most but forty indigenous trees in Great Britain, of which scarcely fourteen can be called forest trees; while the state of New-York alone furnishes between ninety and a hundred trees, of which more than fifty are properly forest trees. While very few trees of the two continents belong absolutely to the same species, yet there is scarcely an European genus that is not more fully represented in our own forests. There are eight or ten European Oaks; the United States has about three times that number. Of Maples, Elms, Lindens, Beeches and others, the American and European species are nearly equal in number, but ours are for the most part the finest and most valuable. The American Holly, a less beautiful tree, it must be admitted, takes the place of the European; the Judas tree of the old world, "the tree whereon Judas did hange himself," as old Gerard records, is here replaced by the American Red-bud, one of the most ornamental trees, and one that blossoms the earliest. But the United States has, beside, a large number of peculiar and characteristic trees; such are the Magnolias, the most splendid productions of any temperate climate; the stately Tulip tree, or White-wood; the American Cypress tree, which covers the interminable morasses of the low country of the Southern States, termed Cypress swamps; the Sweet Gum tree and several species of the Sour Gum or Peperidge; the Catalpa; the Sassafras; the Buckeye of the Western States; the different species of the flowering

Locust ; the Three Thorned Acacia-tree, as our author calls it (*Gleditschia triacanthos*), to which, instead of the *Robinia Viscosa*, the popular name of *Honey Locust* is generally applied and properly belongs ; the various kinds of Hickory and Walnut, &c. &c. With these and other natural products of the soil, the task of the cultivator is an easy one ; he has often to create nothing, to add nothing to his fields, but simply exercise his taste in the preservation of trees, keeping those best worthy of care from the axe or the fire.

In another point of view, the American gardener commences his labors with an eminent advantage. He may profit liberally by the experience of the old world. There, the art of landscape gardening (for the re-construction of the beauties of Nature, based on close observation and analysis of the laws of her works, is surely worthy the name of an art) has accomplished its various historical stages—it has run through its periods of immaturity, inexperience, folly—and left abundant warning lessons, teaching us what to avoid : at last it appears corrected by taste and judgment, and sobered down, as in the essay of Horace Walpole, into a useful gentlemanly study, apart from its practical value in its application to the soil. To anticipate the costly lessons of experience, by laying down sound principles of cultivation, is a laudable object, and one for which the public owe Mr. Downing thanks. The work of Mr. Downing, the title of which we have already given at length and which sufficiently explains its various parts, is a well-timed, judicious exposition of the true principles of taste applied to the improvement of grounds. Though prepared with great care, it has no exclusive scientific pretensions, which we think a decided advantage. It excites no prejudice by setting forth the less important details of the art, which, in the hands of a mere connoisseur, are apt to sink into mere prettinesses, and which would be sure to find very little favor in this country. The botanical part of the work, which is chiefly confined to an enumeration of the leading forest trees, aims at nothing more than a description of their form and characteristic beauties, by which they may be easily recognized by the reader. The information of this kind is accurate and well conveyed. As a fair specimen of the author's style, we quote the descriptions of the Kentucky Coffee tree, and the Tulip tree,

THE KENTUCKY COFFEE TREE.—This unique tree is found in the western part of the State of New-York, and as far north as Montreal in Canada. But it is seen in the greatest perfection, in the fertile bottoms of Kentucky and Tennessee. Sixty feet is the usual height of the Coffee tree in those soils; and judging from specimens growing under our inspection, it will scarcely fall short of that altitude in good cultivated situations, anywhere in the middle states.

When in full foliage, this is a very beautiful tree. The whole leaf, doubly compound, and composed of a great number of bluish-green leaflets, is generally three feet long, and two-thirds as wide, on thrifty trees; and the whole foliage hangs in a well-rounded mass, that would look almost too heavy, were it not lightened in effect by the loose tufted appearance of each individual leaf. The flowers, which are white, are borne in loose spikes, in the beginning of summer; and are succeeded by ample brown pods, flat and somewhat curved, which contain six or seven large gray seeds, imbedded in a sweet pulpy substance. As the genus is diœcious, it is necessary that both sexes of this tree should be growing near each other, in order to produce seed.

When Kentucky was first settled by the adventurous pioneers from the Atlantic States, who commenced their career in the primeval wilderness, almost without the necessaries of life, except as produced by them from the fertile soil; they fancied that they had discovered a substitute for coffee in the seeds of this tree, and accordingly the name of Coffee tree was bestowed upon it: but when a communication was established with the seaports, they gladly relinquished their Kentucky beverage, for the more grateful flavor of the Indian plant; and no use is at present made of it in that manner. It has however a fine compact wood, highly useful in building or cabinet-work.

The Kentucky Coffee tree is well entitled to a place in every collection. In summer, its charming foliage and agreeable flowers render it a highly beautiful lawn tree; and in winter, it is certainly one of the strangest trees in appearance, in our whole native sylvia. Like the *Ailantus*, it is entirely destitute of small spray, but it also adds to this the additional singularity of thick blunt terminal branches, without any perceptible buds. Altogether it more resembles a dry, dead, and withered combination of sticks, than a living and thrifty tree. Although this would be highly monotonous and displeasing, were it the common appearance of our deciduous trees in winter; yet, as it is not so, but a rare and very unique exception to the usual beautiful diversity of spray and ramification, it is highly interesting to place such a tree as the present in the neighborhood of other full-sprayed

species, where the curiosity which it excites will add greatly to its value as an interesting tree, at that period of the year.*

The seeds vegetate freely, and the tree is usually propagated in that manner. It prefers a rich strong soil, like most trees of the western states. p. 175—8.

THE WHITE-WOOD OR TULIP TREE.—The Tulip tree belongs to the same natural order as the Magnolias, and is not inferior to most of the latter in all that entitles them to rank among our very finest forest trees.

The taller Magnolias, as we have already remarked, do not grow naturally within 100 or 150 miles of the sea-coast; and the Tulip tree may be considered as, in some measure, supplying their place in the middle Atlantic states. West of the Connecticut river, and south of the sources of the Hudson, this fine tree may be often seen reaching in warm and deep alluvial soils, 80 or 90 feet in height. But in the western states, where indeed the growth of forest trees is astonishingly vigorous, this tree far exceeds that altitude. The elder Michaux mentions several which he saw in Kentucky, that were fifteen and sixteen feet in girth; and his son confirms the measurement of one, three miles and a half from Louisville, which at five feet from the ground, was found to be twenty-two feet and six inches in circumference, with a corresponding elevation of 130 feet.

The foliage is rich and glossy, and has a very peculiar form; being cut off, as it were, at the extremity, or slightly notched and divided also, into two sided lobes. The breadth of the leaves is six or eight inches. The flowers which are shaped like a large tulip, are composed of six thick yellow petals, mottled on the inner surface with red and green. They are borne singly on the terminal shoots, on full-grown trees have a pleasant, slight perfume, and are very showy. The seed-vessel, which ripens in October, is formed of a number of scales surrounding the central axis in the form of a cone. It is remarkable that young trees under 30 or 35 feet high, seldom or never perfect their seeds.

Whoever has once seen the Tulip tree in a situation where the soil was favorable to its free growth, can never forget it. With a clean trunk, straight as a column, for 40 or 50 feet, surmounted by a fine ample summit of rich green foliage, it is in our estimation, decidedly the most *stately* tree in North America. When standing alone, and encouraged in its lateral growth, it will indeed often produce a lower head, but its tendency is to rise,

* There are some very fine specimens upon the lawn at Dr. Hosack's seat, Hyde Park, N. Y., which have fruited for a number of years.

and it only exhibits itself in all its stateliness and majesty when, supported on such a noble columnar trunk, it towers far above the heads of its neighbors of the park or forest. Even when at its loftiest elevation, its large specious blossoms, which from their form, one of our poets has likened to the chalice ;

—— Through the verdant maze
The Tulip tree,
Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays.

PICKERING.

jut out from amid the tufted canopy in the month of June, and glow in richness and beauty. While the tree is less than a foot in diameter, the stem is extremely smooth, but when older, it becomes deeply furrowed, and is quite picturesque. For the lawn or park, we conceive the Tulip tree eminently adapted ; its tall upright stem, and handsome summit, contrasting nobly with the spreading forms of most deciduous trees. It should generally stand alone, or near the border of a mass of trees, where it may fully display itself to the eye, and exhibit all its charms from the root to the very summit ; for no tree of the same grandeur and magnitude is so truly beautiful in every portion of its trunk and branches. Where there is a taste for avenues, the Tulip tree ought by all means, to be employed, as it makes a most magnificent overarching canopy of verdure, supported on trunks almost architectural in their symmetry. The leaves also, from their bitterness, are but little liable to the attacks of any insect.

This tree was introduced into England about 1668 ; and is now we are informed, to be found in almost every gentleman's park on the continent of Europe, so highly is it esteemed as an ornamental tree of the first class. We hope that the fine native specimens yet standing here and there, in farm lands along our river banks, may be sacredly preserved from the barbarous infliction of the axe, which formerly despoiled without mercy, so many of the majestic denizens of our native forests.

In the western states, where this tree abounds, it is much used in building and carpentry. The timber is light and yellow, and the tree is commonly called the Yellow Poplar, in those districts, from some fancied resemblance in the wood, though it is much heavier and more durable than that of the poplar.

When exposed to the weather, the wood is liable to warp, but as it is fine grained, light, and easily worked, it is extensively employed for the pannels of coaches, doors, cabinet-work, and wainscoats. The Indians who once inhabited these regions, hollowed out the trunks, and made their canoes of them. There are two sorts of timber known ; viz. the Yellow and the White poplar, or tulip tree. These, however, it is well known are the

same species, but the variation is brought about by the soil, which if dry, gravelly, and elevated, produces the white, and if rich, deep, and rather moist, the yellow timber.

It is rather difficult to transplant the Tulip tree when it has attained much size, unless the roots have undergone preparation, as will hereafter be mentioned; but it is easily propagated from seed, or obtained from the nurseries, and the growth is strong and rapid. p. 197—200.

There are properly but two styles of Landscape Gardening—the natural and the artificial. One seeks to recall the original beauty of the country, by adapting its means to the surrounding scenery; cultivating trees in harmony with the hills or plain of the neighboring land, detecting and bringing into practice those nice relations of size, proportion and color, which, hid from the common observer, are revealed everywhere to the experienced student of nature. The result of the natural style of gardening is seen, rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities, the prevalence of a beautiful harmony and order, than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles. The artificial style has as many varieties as there are different tastes to gratify. It has a certain general relation to the various styles of building: there are the stately avenues, and retirements of Versailles, Italian terraces, and a various mixed old English style, which bears some proportion to the domestic Gothic or English Elizabethan architecture. Whatever may be said against the abuses of the artificial Landscape Gardening, a mixture of pure art in a garden scene, adds to it a great beauty. This is partly pleasing to the eye, by the show of order and design, and partly moral. A terrace with an old moss-covered stone balustrade, calls up at once to the eye the fair forms that have passed there in other days. The slightest exhibition of art is an evidence of care and human interest.

The best proof of the value of Landscape Gardening is, the use it has been turned to by the poets. One of the most remarkable and beautiful pictures of a garden, occurs in Giles Fletcher, and probably grew out of some similar quaint attempts in the gardens of the day. The beautiful invention of the passage is a tribute to the art which cherished such conceits in practice. The art would never have suggested such refinements, if it had not some element of beauty in itself. The Poem unites the highest cultivation of nature with a most graceful acknowledgment of the sur-

passing beauty of woman, and leads the heart captive by a double chain of sympathy. How luxurious is the blending of the charms of the poet's two mistresses, Nature and Woman. How freshly does the stream of conceits and fancies flow in upon the mind, tired with the common-place poetical description of this day.

*The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut ;
The azure fields of heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light :
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the ev'ning blue.*

*Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built ;
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt :
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd ;
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.*

*What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colors living stand ;
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dress'd ;
Or how her watchman, armed with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at ev'ry wind their leafy spears,
While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears ?*

*Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine ;
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine.
For well he knew such fruit he never bore :
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes, laugh'd at her paramour.*

Marvell has written most delicately of gardens. With a few lines from his exquisite poem of the Garden, we leave these tempting themes of the poets, for we might wander every where through their verses, as another garden of the Hesperides, plucking golden fruit at every step.

What wondrous life in this I lead !
 Ripe apples drop about my head.
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
 The nectarine, the curious peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach.

Meanwhile, the mind from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness ;
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find ;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds and other seas ;
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's gliding foot,
 Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's rest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide :
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then wets and claps its silver wings ;
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

This is poetical landscape gardening ; the art was not always so safe with its practical devotees. One of the ancient foibles was the representation of pieces of sculpture in plants ; trimming yews and holly into resemblances of men and women. Humorous allusions to this absurdity are to be found in old plays, and Pope made it a subject of satire in a paper in the *Guardian*, in which he enumerated the catalogue of a gardener's stock, in a similar style of wit to several of Steele's papers in the *Tatler*. The passage is a curious one, and may be quoted as an historical picture of one stage of landscape gardening. It is dated in 1713, when the absurd taste was going out of use, though specimens of the kind may still be found in the remote parts of England.

INVENTORY OF A VIRTUOSO GARDENER.—Adam and Eve, in yew ; Adam, a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm ; Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark, in holly ; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.
 The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George, in box ; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

Edward, the Black Prince, in cypress.

A pair of giants, stunted ; to be sold cheap.

An old maid of honor, in wormwood.
A topping Ben Jonson, in laurel.
Divers eminent modern poets, in bays; somewhat blighted.
A quick set hog, shot up into a porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.
A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

This was in the infancy of the art; it afterwards became more ambitious, and attempted wider effects in the cultivation of the picturesque. It gave the name of Capability Brown, to one of its most strenuous practical advocates, and soon, under its new form, became greatly abused: as it always will be by ignorant men of wealth, or conceited connoisseurs, eager for display. It met again with a clever satirist in the author of "Headlong Hall," a comic work, of great power and ingenuity, which deserves to be better known in this country. The author, Mr. Peacock, is at present a distinguished contributor to the Westminster Review. A various party met together in Wales, at Headlong Hall, to pass the Christmas, and ride all manner of hobby-horses. Mr. Milestone was a landscape gardener, with his head full of a projected park, for Lord Littlebrain. We introduce him, riding his hobby, full tilt, about the grounds of Headlong Hall.

MR. MILESTONE.—This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste; thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with these untrimmed boughs.

MISS TENORINA.—The sweet romantic spot! How beautifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening!

MISS GRAZIOSA.—Dear sister! how can you endure the horrid thicket?

MR. MILESTONE.—You are right, Miss Graziosa: your taste is correct perfectly *en règle*. Now, here is the same place corrected—trimmed—polished—decorated—adorned. Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve: there winds a gravel walk: here are parts of the old wood, left in these majestic circular clumps disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry: there are some single shrubs scattered in elegant profusion; here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper; here a lauristinus, there a spruce fir; here a larch, there a lilac; here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal: the

banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge ; and there is Lord Littlebrain, rowing in an elegant boat.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Magical, faith !

MR. MILESTONE.—Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the mountain-ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, as you see, with ivy and moss ; and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides.

MISS TENORINA.—O how beautiful ! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade !

MR. MILESTONE.—Beautiful, Miss Tenorina ! Hideous. Base, common, and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which the little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath* : and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Miraculous, by Mahomet !

MR. MILESTONE.—This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

MISS TENORINA.—What a delightful spot to read in, on a summer's day ! The air must be so pure, and the wind must sound so divinely in the tops of those old pines !

MR. MILESTONE.—Bad taste, Miss Tenorina. Bad taste, I assure you. Here is the spot improved. The trees are cut down : the stones are cleared away : this is an octagonal pavilion, exactly on the centre of the summit : and there you see Lord Littlebrain, on the top of the pavilion, enjoying the prospect with a telescope.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Glorious, egad !

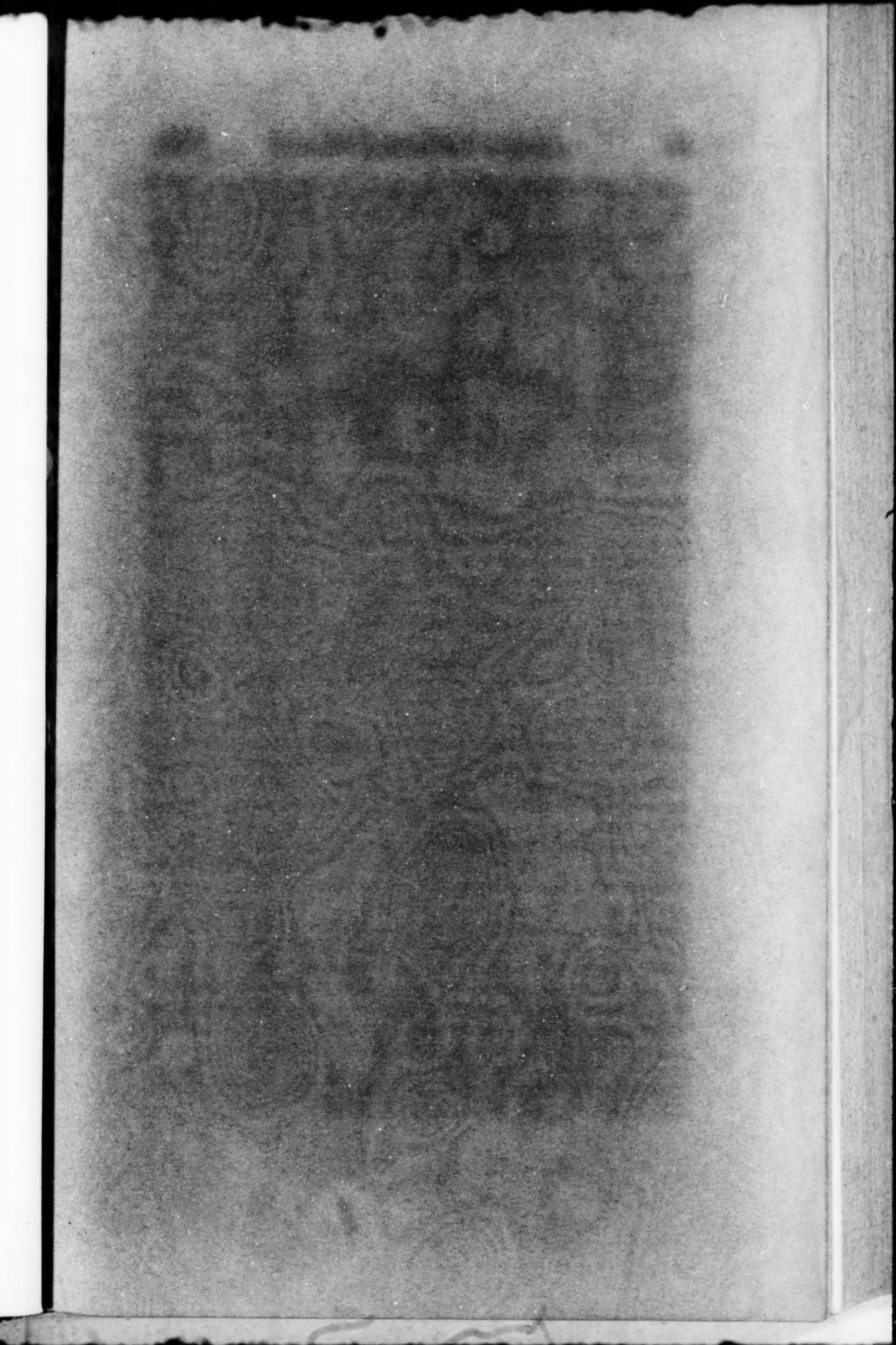
MR. MILESTONE.—Here is a rugged mountainous road, leading through impervious shades : the ass and the four goats characterise a wild uncultured scene. Here, as you perceive, it is totally changed into a beautiful gravel-road, gracefully curving through a belt of limes ; and there is Lord Littlebrain driving four-in-hand.

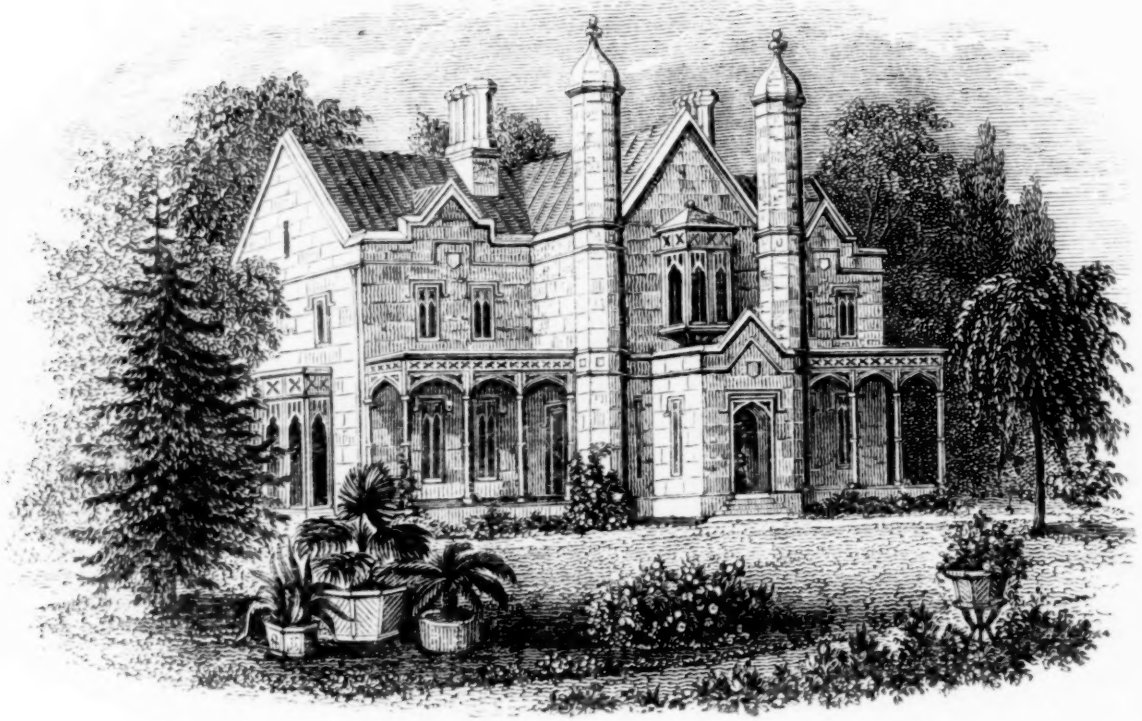
SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Egregious, by Jupiter !

MR. MILESTONE.—Here is Littlebrain Castle, a Gothic, moss-grown structure, half-blossomed in trees. Near the casement of that turret is an owl peeping from the ivy.

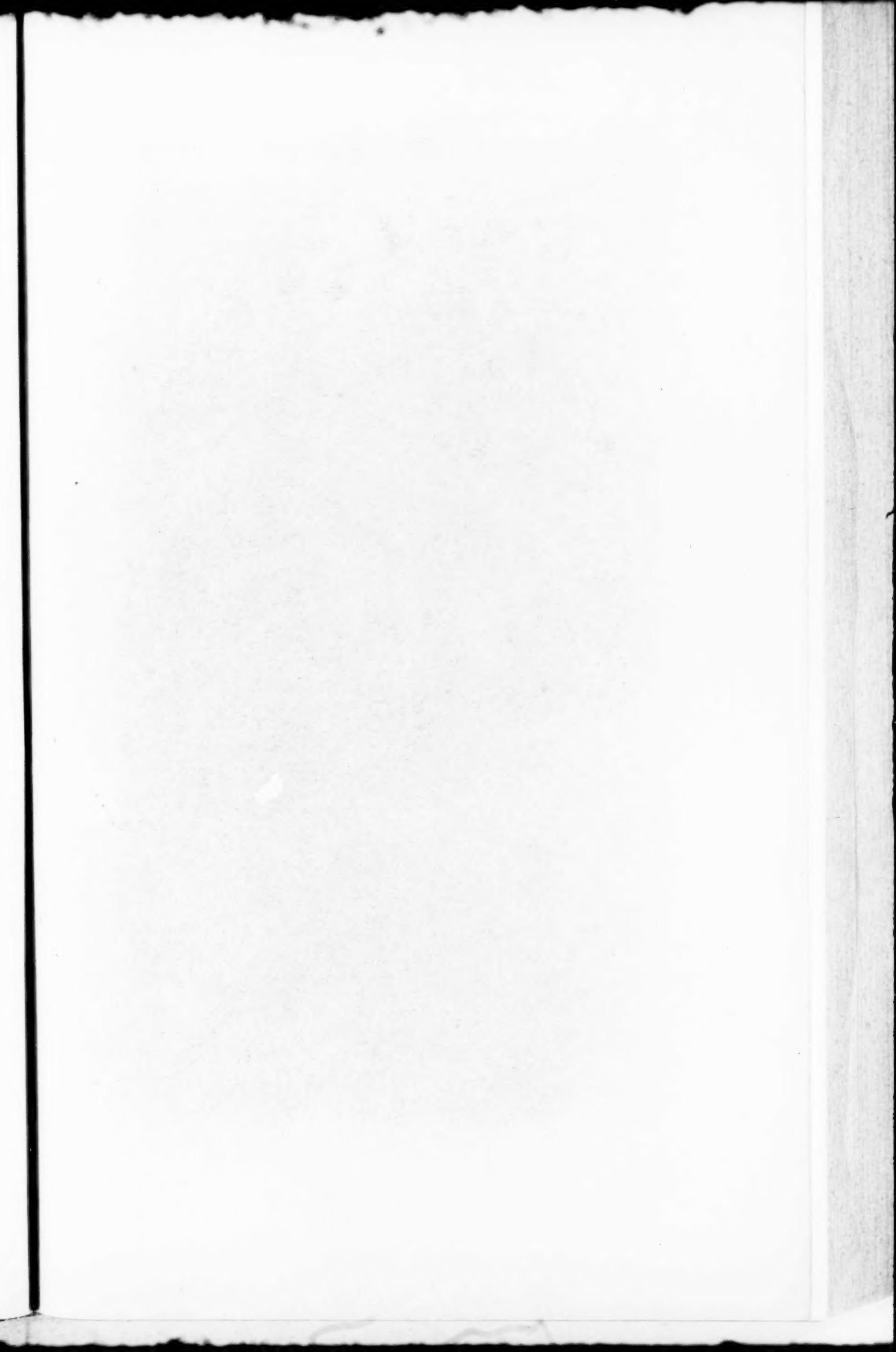
SQUIRE HEADLONG.—And devilish wise he looks.

* See Knight on Taste.





RESIDENCE OF A. J. DOWNING, ESQ. NEWBURGH, N. Y.





BISHOP DOANE'S RESIDENCE, RIVERSIDE, N. J.

MR. MILESTONE.—Here is the new house, without a tree near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn : a white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in this waveless lake : and there you see Lord Littlebrain looking out of the window.

But enough of landscape gardening. Mr. Downing has devoted a highly interesting chapter to the kindred subject of Rural Architecture, which is illustrated by various fine engravings of plans and buildings. This part of the work will not be the least useful. By the courtesy of the author, we are enabled to present the reader with two of the most striking specimens of the Castellated old English style, in the engraving of Mr. Downing's own residence, and a villa in the Italian style—a model of taste and convenience—the residence of Bishop Doane, on the Delaware.

D. A. Gray.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE is a name to be treated with respect : for, notwithstanding all his absurdity and pretension, he is undeniably so vigorous and even so profound a thinker, so clear and genial a critic, and, when warmed and in earnest, so powerful a writer on the highest questions, that it argues a defect, both of acuteness and of candor, to deny his very great merits. At the same time, there is so much in this writer to excite a quite contrary feeling, that we hope to be pardoned for indulging in free censure, that may not seem warranted to the idolators of his genius. Carlyle, except in one* instance, has been very unfortunate in his critics, who have either spoken of him in terms of ridiculous adulation, or else have contemptuously abused and derided their intellectual master.

We shall attempt an almost impossible task, that of endeavoring to strike a just balance between them.

Of Carlyle's system of philosophy, (if he has any), and of his religious creed, (something of which, he certainly pos-

* London Quarterly, for September, 1840.

sesses), we shall not undertake to speak; but chiefly regard him in a literary point of view. Our object is, first to speak of the general merits of Carlyle, and afterwards of his separate productions. Carlyle is a man of vigorous talent and no little acuteness, but not a man of genius. He is a better critic than logician, and displays finer fancy than perfectly just sentiment. Affectation has deformed or misguided great natural powers; but he is by no means merely a quaint writer, as most regard him.—Considered as a philosophical critic, Carlyle is entitled to stand very high. Criticism is his forte. His merely speculative enquiries are much less sound, are far inferior every way. His character of poet, as some affect to call him, we leave to those whose imaginations are strong enough to paint him such: our plain understanding can see nothing of the creator in him. We can see fancy, wild and vivid and picturesque; we can sometimes see a certain *harmony* of thought, a fine impulse, very like poetic feeling: but of inventive imagination, of simple feeling, of dramatic conception, nothing. Carlyle never forgets himself, loses his own identity, or melts into another. His character is hard, rigid, solitary.

Of German authors, he has written largely, acutely, and in a most liberal spirit. Himself an excellent German scholar as well as general reader, he has managed to transfuse the German spirit completely into his own soul. In the translation of the romances and in criticism he has succeeded admirably—in his own metaphysical essays, we think failed proportionably. His criticisms on English authors are not so successful. They have less of a genial spirit and yet in two instances, those on Burns and Johnson, they are his best. A Scotchman by birth, a German by culture, he is as an author a strange mongrel union of the two. The races are mixed in him, and to his disadvantage. To the hardness of the Scotch character, its crabbed narrowness and pertinacity, he has added the extravagance of the worst portion of German literature. This, it has been frequently observed, has enfeebled his style. The writer in the *Quarterly Review*, to which we alluded above, imagines this alteration from his first simple pure style to his present piebald, incongruous manner, to have arisen from the tumult of his ideas. He conceives his mind to be a chaos of opinions, unsettled and wandering. Perhaps the influence of his German studies, and an imitation

of the defects of certain favorite authors, may better account for it. It has been said Carlyle could finish and elaborate when he chose; but we deny this. At first he wrote with care: but, can he go back to his first manner, now? We suspect not. He has got into a bad habit, which we all know is harder to shake off than to assume a good one. To the charge of affectation, his admirers reply that it has now become natural to him, and even was partly natural from the very first. A plain common sense refutation of this sophism is sufficient, and may be given in a question—did ever man write as Carlyle writes, without knowing he was writing execrable English? If so, and his trade is writing, is it not his business to correct so palpable a defect? Suppose an artizan makes a clumsy piece of work, is he free from blame on the score of natural ignorance or want of skill in his business? Suppose, further, he persists in this style of workmanship, are we bound to employ him? are we bound to call it good because he cannot improve, or because he don't choose?

Carlyle makes great pretensions to philosophy: with Rob Roy our author may, in sincerity, unite in declaring, that

Of old things, all are over old,
Of good things, none are good enough—

and in effect, makes the same vaunt:

We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

Yet what has he discovered? Nothing material. What has he done? He has insisted on—often with force, oftener with tiresome repetition and diffusive zeal—certain great truths, always known to the thinker: such as the beauty and nobleness of sincerity, a virtue of good men and of great reformers: of the progress of society; the natural tendency to perfectability: that the principles of truth and law are the pillars of society, the moving springs of man's moral constitution: that unbelief is the disease of weak minds, of hollow hearts: that the reality of the moral and imaginative parts of man's nature is to be taken as the great fact in philosophy: that their superiority is not to be questioned. These doctrines are most just, most true: but they are no new discoveries—

they are not original with Mr. Carlyle. They have ever been the chosen beacons, the true doctrines, of wise men and faithful teachers. The genuine philosopher has always held them; the candid inquirer always acknowledged them.

As a philosopher, then, we regard Carlyle inferior to himself, greatly when compared with himself as critic. In philosophy, he is a literary impostor: cunning enough to catch at the discoveries of abler heads, and dishonest enough to proclaim them as his own. His artifice shines through his style. We find ourselves recurring to this fruitful theme. Mystic as is Carlyle's later philosophical style, his ideas are very bare and naked. If it were not so, he could write more simply—such fantastical ornaments cover genuine poverty of ideas. Such struggling throes announce a difficult birth. A "without-pain-delivered" thought glides easily into the mind: but Carlyle's ideas batter for entrance. He takes you by storm. Force of style is, with him, almost everything. This force results rather from an accumulation of old thoughts, than from any original force of his own. His strength is derived from association and connection. It is not the exponent of individual powers. These defects of style have been palliated on the ground of rarity or fineness in the thought. The one is, however, a correlative of the other. A tortuous style marks a crooked mind. A simple man writes a clear style. Carlyle's style is, in a word, a chaos—the world before creation. A good writer might be formed out of Carlyle. There is plenty of material—but he is himself very far from a good writer. Like most men of vigorous talent, who pretend to original genius, Carlyle has his peculiar tricks of style, baits for the vulgar, decoys to the indolent and curious. These are a few: he is excessively attached to personification, and that too, of low, common objects. His manner of commencing, as well as of concluding, is harsh, abrupt, startling. He displays entire contempt for particles, of all sorts; especially, of connectives.

Carlyle is utterly destitute of genuine wit: though he sometimes discovers a streak of surly, rough, satirical humor, such as Quin the actor was said to possess. Of light, sparkling wit, of pleasant raillery, which he often affects, he is without a particle. His jests are the most awkward attempts of the kind we can recollect. His wit—to copy an

expression of his own—is a certain small-beer sort of faculty. It is of the most doubtful kind. The critic has written well and judiciously of humor, admires it in Sterne and Richter, and yet has none of it.

The works of Carlyle are the best exponents of his genius. They make a good list, combining importance of subject with variety. History, philosophy, criticism, politics, translation. In running over them, we shall follow the order of publication. The *Life of Schiller*, written with a rare judgment and enthusiasm, in his purest style, is a classic. It is the standard life of the great German dramatist. In this work, Carlyle is a critic, and he is always most able as such. The translations of German romance cannot be too much praised for fidelity and spirit. In another part of the present journal, a fuller notice may be found of this. *Sartor Resartus* is unquestionably the great work of Carlyle. It is the philosophical picture of the inner life of a real man *in the world*. His hero is no figment of the brain, but a true man: no fantastic oddity of invention, but a human creature, the child of reality. It is the portrait of the genuine scholar and his “many-colored” life. Of the scholar, too, an active man, not a mere dreamer. The coloring of the picture is vivid, yet accurate. Many shrewd remarks occur: often passages of solemn eloquence. The best things are said on the commonest topics,—the common that we are too apt to neglect; concealing from ourselves, under that name, the greatest rarities, the most precious treasures. “The common sun, the light, the skies,” are they not, to every true man, “opening paradise?” The sacred writings are, in one sense, the commonest books in the world, yet are they very far from being “common” in St. Peter’s meaning. All that is “common” is not “unclean.” Very far from it. Life and death, time and space, a blade of grass and a star, man and woman, are exceedingly common-place things, to an eye wanting the soul to animate its perceptions. In their essence they are the miracles of God, and his agent, nature. In truth, they are more wonderful than the greatest curiosities of the world, as a singular perversion of language styles puerile wonders. Miracles surround us on all sides; and the greatest of all miracles is, the soul of man.

The author accompanies his scholar through every stage of life, and teaches him every phase of passion. He learns experimentally to unravel the mysteries of philosophy, and

to bear with fortitude, the rude shocks of fortune. He is tried by every chance of life. Love, poverty, study, meditation, are his tutors. He is not worsted in the contest with adversity; he is no sycophant of prosperity. He is the master of the circumstances by which he is encompassed.

The strong, keen, practical satire in this work, is almost as admirable as the higher efforts of enthusiastic eloquence. The pedantry of scholars and *dilettanti*; the pedantry of mere outside in every thing; the passing off superficialities for bulk and depth, is handled with a caustic pen. He strips off the covering from imposture and pretension. Carlyle shows the "forms of things" to be *not* "greater than themselves." Forms, he describes as the mere clothes of reality: the clothes, the formulas of government, manners even, in his view of religion, pass away, while the essential principles of order remain indestructible.*

* There is a curious passage in the Tale of a Tub, which may have been the original of this book.

"The worshippers of this Deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn on the following fundamentals; they held the universe to be a large *suit of clothes*, which *invests* every thing: that the earth is invested by the air: the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call sand, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature hath been to trim up the vegetable beaux: observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contributing in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches.

These postulata being admitted it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher that they are rational creatures or men. For, is it not manifest that they live and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit and mien and breeding their inseparable properties? In short we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the streets, fill up parliament, coffee, play, bawdy-houses? It is true indeed that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord mayor. If certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Thus, with most men, religion, justice, learning, are only to be found in churches, courts of law, and colleges. The true philosopher looks for them in the mind and heart of man.

We feel warranted in calling this Carlyle's best book. It must have been, we are sure, the most thoroughly and congenially meditated and composed, of all his writings. There is more closeness of thought in it, by far, than in any of his works before or since; more of observation, less of affectation, less of perverse ingenuity. Still, though his best work, it is the first that exhibits the extravagances of his later style. Here was his culminating point; his succeeding works are inferior in every respect, and most of all, in style.

The essays, collected afterwards, comprise his critical papers: of the best of which, we have spoken; the remainder, are not much to our taste. The speculative papers are wire-drawn; and the narratives, as that of the Diamond Necklace, absolutely intolerable.

The so-called History of the French Revolution, is no history; but a gallery of portraits, and scenes of civil war; a strange medley of incongruous particulars; a raree show. We have compared it to a magic lantern, exhibited in a ruinous barn; the incidents gleaming out fitfully at times with a wild splendor; but shadowed by a dull, squalid, colorless background. It is no history, inasmuch as it does not *relate*. It *describes* and *speculates*. It is dramatic. But true history is epic. It infers, as no genuine history should, previous knowledge of the actors and incidents. It is, in a word, a mere melo-dramatic piece. It might have

Others of these professors, although agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul:—that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by scripture, because, *in them we live, and move and have our being*. As likewise by philosophy, because they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless, unsavory carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery was sheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable conversation; gold lace was repartee; a huge long periwig was honor; and a coat full of powder was very good railery; all which required abundance of finesse and delicatessen to manage with advantage as well as a strict observance after times and fashions."

been written by a clever mad-man. The most spirited of the classic historians are tame, to this rant and bombast. Nevertheless, there is strength in it ; but is it not a spasmodic, nervous, occasional vigor ? We make bold to think so. Carlyle cannot write narrative, *now*. His jerking sentences, like a careering horse, throw the historian out of his saddle. He cannot keep his seat. It is like nothing so much, as the Sybiline leaves. His descriptive powers are far superior. His fancy is wild and picturesque ; he can paint with striking, but not with mild and gentle colors.

Of Chartism, we think with the Quarterly Review, that it hardly meets the case. And yet it is, undeniably, a powerful pamphlet.

The volume of Lectures, lately published, on Hero Worship, is the last publication of Mr. Carlyle's. The germ of his doctrine is to be found scattered up and down his writings. It is alluded to in the notes published in this magazine last month. A striking resemblance, implying poverty of mind, is seen in his frequent use of the ideas reported there, in these last lectures. Dr. Johnson once said, when much annoyed, that he hoped never to hear of Hannibal and the Battle of Cannæ again, as long as he lived. Our author's readers may say as much of his pet heroes Burns, this very Dr. Johnson and Mirabeau.

The leading idea of the lectures is an old truth of great value. It is that there is instinct in the human mind, a natural veneration for the good, the great and the beautiful. In man above all in earth, and in Deity above man far, we find the object of our worship, our reverence. The sentiment presupposes a high standard of thought and action, a knowledge of our relation to others in the laws of the universe ; it tends to elevation of thought, it encourages a nobleness of sympathy.

The illustrations of his theory are abundant, and well selected. Carlyle's favorite characters, are rough, hardy, Saxon men—somewhat in his own vein—as Knox, Luther, and the rest ; and daring revolutionists, (still preserving the parallel,) Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Force of character and sincerity, are his requisites for a hero. Carlyle paints with a bold hand—firm and free—uses strong colors, without much grace or art. He is utterly devoid of elegance or taste. Still, he has a certain picturesqueness,

that is very striking. Among painters, our critic would rank with Hans Holbein, the court painter of Henry VIII., and the friend of Erasmus. He is no Vandyke, no Sir Joshua Reynolds, no Sir Thomas Lawrence. He paints *men—heroes*. Among artists of the last age, he exhibits some resemblance to the fantastic and extravagant, but powerful Fuseli. Like him, he succeeds in strong characters and tumultuous scenes.

J.

OPENING OF THE BUDGET.

[**I**T WERE an unseemly introduction to the reader to set before him the following course of æsthetical dainties, without a preliminary word of biography, as a grace to the banquet. The new contributor to *Arcturus*, Hezekiah Hand, is a man of remarkable peculiarities: sufficient to distinguish him in this age of literary eccentricities. Wild, erratic, flighty, yet solid, knowing, and brimful of talent, Hezekiah is a puzzle and a phenomenon.

He hath a lust for strange things. He swears by false gods. He reads in curious volumes. He thinks outlandish and heathen thoughts. Hezekiah was meant for a Greek philosopher, though, by some mistake or other, he was born in New-York, in the beginning of the nineteenth century. His thoughts are still with Plato, and his affections run back to Lucretius and the Stagyrte. He is pregnant in vagaries. Should he, in this his middle age, take to the study of astronomy, it will be chiefly in the cometary system, for in the twinkling movements and far flashing tails of these celestial vagabonds, he sees a glory beyond the fixed stars. We have said Hezekiah Hand should have been a Greek. We should have more properly said he is a compound, framed out of three ages—the Grecian, the chivalric, and the modern. With the contemplative habits of Plato, he feels yet an itching in his palms to become a Texian knight-errant, and maul Mexican sconces at San Jacinto; and furthermore, in physiognomy and whisker—the modern part of him—is regarded as a respectable duplicate of Mr. George Cruikshank, the celebrated caricaturist.

By a mysterious change of venue, he dates at present from

New-Orleans, a city, the wonders of which, he dwells upon with a curious speculative amplification.—EDS. ARCTURUS.]

New Orleans, 5th May, 1841.

I have received a small modicum of light, two numbers, two corruscations rather,

Just like a star emerging
From out a cloudy sky.

When Arcturus opened upon my sight, I need not tell you that the reading was like seeing a dearly prized friend after an absence, and listening to his converse stealing on the ear like the melody of summer brooks. I read the numbers over and over again, "*hic Ilium fuit, hic Dorica castra*," thus M. would laugh—thus would he give a shrew gird—thus good-humoredly expose the follies of the great man Society; thus J. discourse on free will—foreknowledge absolute—or of the sense of the supreme and all pervading beauty; thus would he bring forward schemes of benevolence, and theories whereby men should live happier in this world. And then my good friend would be revelling thus, among the flowers of the old English garden, gathering the choice things of elder bards.

I am rejoiced to see how most valiantly you persist in applying laughter to the labored frivolities, and solemn mockeries of thrice-methodized dullness, as the test of their vain dreams, and piles of painted cards; and how at one good shake of the diaphragm, joined with convulsive motions of the risible muscles of the face, the showy fabric totters, and like the topless towers of Ilium, the ruins lie, bestrewing the nursery of the world's great mind, the undistinguished plain, where all things ludicrous, aimless, grotesque and impracticable, contend for mastery, in mental chaos. I am delighted to see that the vain, and as I am convinced, irreligious notions, of the Industrialists, with their pedantry and nauseous distinctions, are treated with that scornful instinct that teaches us to punish vanity so amplified, coming in wisdom's garb; mischief in aspect of the angel humanity, and clothed with the robes of sympathy. Scoff these things back to the abode of darkness, shadows and chimeras; let them not invade the private fireside, where the social virtues grow, the love of father, and the honor of mother, and all parental kindness: so that with the Bible for literature, the love of God for comfort, and these virtues of the hearth and

household cherished, the poorest roof among men is like God's great Heaven.

Oh, poverty is bad as it seems, but heartlessness is worse ; and when from lowest descents, and fate the most untoward, celestial virtues are continually rising, like birds of rare plumage from the lower ground, resting there during the night of this world, till the dawn break, and then, with dove's wings and shining neck and the voice of the lark, mounting with the morning,—how can the bird despise the ground that gave shelter and food, and long night's lodging, and a pleasant dream of the morrow.

LET me take you out in the evening : the moon is shining bright, we go through an avenue of French houses with jutting tiled eaves, and balconies, and shops dressed in millinery and wares of female clothing ; at last we get into the heart of the French quarter. Let us enter this shop : here are long tables, and men sitting like school-boys around ; is it a night school ? Let us watch. Each man has before him what seems a horn book, or card, filled with some alphabetic device of great profundity ; he seems engaged in deep meditation ; the schoolmaster is above, at a desk, and whirls about an instrument of mahogany, like a huge powder-flask ; this powder-flask is filled, however, with balls, and each ball has a number, which *messieur le maître d' école*, drawls out in two languages, and as the nasal drone strikes on the ear of the students, they bustle about the card ; at last, three or four of the scholars thump on the table or desk, and cry "*loto*," in a foreign accent, and go up with their problem solved, to the master, who rewards them for their dilligence and merit, with a token of a pecuniary nature, which these disinterested students of truth and chance condescend to accept—sixpence entrance to take a lesson in *loto*. The game goes on, and will, till men are taught better ways of employing the energies of that priceless soul and goodly mind, so godlike in apprehension, and so angelic in faculty. Let us pass on : in a more hidden recess, is a crowd about a baize-covered table, there are bone dollars piled before each, and dice are thrown to regulate the course of exchanges between two imaginary points of trade, two countries on the green baize, separated by a tape line. How earnestly the current and course of trade is watched ; now the bal-

ance preponderates one way, now another, and the eyes and hearts of all are intent on the three unconscious arbiters of polished and dotted bone—poor financiers. These are the vain and delusive amusements of the world ; you, sitting on the literary hill of the world, on the green flourishing top, can smile calmly at these poor turmoils, these careful pleasures, these shipwrecking amusements. The true ends of life are peaceful and serene.

I HAVE introduced you upon the levee of this great caravan town, for it seems to resemble, not such places as London, Liverpool, Hamburg, or New-York so much as, some of those eastern cities, where for a time, men come from all parts to attend a great mart or fair, and then leave it comparatively deserted.

The levee is the bank of the Mississippi :—in some parts four hundred feet in width, it forms a complete semi-circle of three miles in length before the city. The two extreme portions, say of a mile in length, are occupied by shipping, moored lengthwise along the bank, and three or four tiers in depth ; between these two portions, at the middle of the arch, the steamboats come in ; they look like a Noah's ark, with two tall chimneys, and are lying bow to the bank across stream. One we shall suppose is just coming in : she is covered with cotton piled over every projecting part, till she seems like a moving mass of bales, and the guards are sunk to the water's edge ; like a huge beast the engine pants as the boat forces her way between two others, to fill a vacancy just made by one leaving the solid tier lying at the bank : in a few minutes a way is puffed through, and the negroes and hands roll the cotton on the levee, where it waits a customer. Shall we go on board one of the finest of these boats : step on the plank and walk on the bow—be careful, for there is only a raised curb of wood on this boiler deck, about nine inches high ; there are the boilers before you, seven or eight cylinders of iron, four feet in diameter, and thirty long, fixed side by side in a furnace, and surmounted by two chimneys ; there is the greatest uniformity in these steamboats—to the smallest particular they seem devised by one mind. On the side of the boilers are stairs to ascend to the upper deck, where the cabin and accommodations of the passengers are ; and as the lower deck has merely the engines and

crank turning the machinery, we will go up stairs, enter at a little door just in front of the stairs; there, looking down, is the great dining-room, and settees strewed with gentlemen in divers easy and unstudied attitudes. These gentlemen are apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some abstract point, or in the investigation of certain feelings induced by the application of the expressed juice of the tobacco plant to their mouths and throats. The berths, or state-rooms, open into this dining-room, and are arranged on each side of it. Far in the stern you see flitting about, three or four gentle hoosiers, or buckeye fair ones. Immediately over the boilers, is the social hall: where are the bar and barber's shop, and the paradise of the men. On deck, immediately in front, a crowd of men, sitting in all diversified attitudes, are smoking cigars, and looking earnestly at the Planter's Hotel on the other side of the levee, or at the grocery store, and the euphonious name of Mr. Rotchbug, the proprietor thereof. The bell rings: and since I cannot pay my passage up river, we must on shore. Let us walk down the levee: I would I had you for one or two days, if no longer, to talk and ramble over the town. But what have we here: a public square, fronting on the river; in the centre is a fountain, that plays on Sunday only; and on the otherside, away from the river, are three remarkable buildings: the central one is the old French cathedral; it is brick built and plastered, but the plaster is dingy and falling off, from the humid atmosphere: the towers are three, two like St. Thomas', at the side, and a third in the centre; the side is plain, as all stuccoed buildings are: the central tower is eighty or one hundred feet high; the side ones about fifty or sixty feet high, and they are all surmounted with a pear shaped dome. The whole reminds one of some faded engraving of some Parisian church we have seen a longtime back, and of our day-dreams of European travel. The buildings on each side are nearly alike, although one is freshly stuccoed and painted, the other dingy and smoked; both buildings are two stories, and with broad arches, forming a vaulted portico below and above—broad windows with semi-circular arches; one of the buildings contains the courts of law, and the other is the old Calaboose, so famous in the annals of this town. Suppose we go down Conde Street, and turn off at the Rue Ursulines: what is this building that looks like a manufactory of cotton, with a

small lanthorn, where a bell hangs, like that which summons operatives to the daily unceasing toil? The building is tiled with red tiles; and see, a large cross is over the doorway, and some French women and half blacks are entering to prayers; it is the convent of the Ursuline Nuns, where they have retired from the world, within sound of the busy hum of the levee, the clamor of commerce, the ceaseless bustle of hurrying to and fro, and the sound of feet hastening to be rich. A magic circle those walls make—a veil impenetrable—separated as effectually from the vain world that noises without their dwelling, as if the grave and the peaceful sod were between: as far removed from its care and turmoil as the sleepers in Trinity church are from the trampling and shinning of renowned Wall Street.

The old city is about one mile long, and one half deep from the river; it is surrounded by boulevards: streets with a strip of green, bordered with trees in the centre; Canal Street on the south; Esplanade on the north; Rampart on the side, away from the river. Back of the last named Street, are the Catholic cemeteries; where in raised tumuli, rest the victims of the pestilence, of the assassin, of the duel—of all the various forms of death. In French and Spanish, English and Latin, their virtues and the sorrows of their friends are read; built of brick the best are; and stuccoed like a Doric temple—like an old Cyclopiian monument. They sleep. Amidst the tombs are growing the willow, the oleander and flowers, that pious hands have planted. One family tomb has round it many flower-pots, and a beautiful parterre; it looks like a tiny babyhouse, and a miniature garden. And there they repose; the All-Encompassing holding their souls in his bosom—the grave, the bodies—till the word is spoken that wakes the dead, let them rest in peace. Their virtues will live after them in other hearts, and preach to the end of time. What a lesson! here are hopes dying and sinking in the ground, till, transplanted, they shall bloom forever—faith and confidence disappointed and turned to dust, yet not utterly dead; and all the good works, though unwritten, still immortally giving perfume, and diffusing peace in whose memories they live; and in one mind, they are remembered always.

ON that jolly time of Shrovetide, sacred to the destruction of chitterlings, sausages and rounds of beef, before pale fish

and egg eating Lent makes March seem too long—I say on this solemn anniversary of wheaten slap-jacks and delicately compounded fritters, there is celebrated a solemn and impressive pomp, a type of this world's pleasure and show. Sure it must have been some lofty old musing Friar John that lit upon and invented a scene, where future moralists might write their theories, and act them too by device, quaint and allegorical, yet instructive as a world's history. On All Fools' day, then, at New Orleans, in the afternoon, there was hurrying and scurrying on sorry nags and hired hacks; there was mad driving, and racing, of the fantastic rags of this world-show, to see all sort of folly, rampant, less foolish than that which men often call wisdom, and containing the same repeated moral, Vanity. The assembled crowd of motley met at the French Theatre. You could not suppose that the meeting was distinguished for any profound deliberation: they probably agreed upon a route for their march or race, and concluded with a universal ha! ha! the gibing of the monkey laughter, that shows his weakness and misery at once—the monkey is the most miserable of animals). Then came a rush, as when madness drives, and boys let out of school are running. First, there was a wagon full of men and women, of the lower order and baser sort, covered with piebald and fluttering tags of riband, and many colors; and one worthy zany was amusing himself and disgusting all, by eating macaroni out of a filthy vessel; and they whooped and screamed and danced mad antics, and drove on. And then came a carriage, closed and driven fast, and two shrinking masks—a couple of wild French girls, half ashamed of mingling in this rabble rout, pass on. Ah! here, on horseback, comes the representative of rogues, French Robert Macaire, a fop, a philosopher, a thief and an incorrigible rogue, even a murderer—Robert Macaire, the type of the old Revolution, full of rags, full of drunken maimed philosophy, of devilish fiend-like murder and sensuality, and loving to make a show of rags and flutter and sentiment. Spur on, Robert. Who comes? A troop of Bedouins, or Turcomans, or eastern Mahomedan wanderers, with jingling bells on finger and toe, as the old dame was adorned, who rode the white horse, too much like one of *Tome de Bowerè's* eastern dramas, not enough of the natural blackguardism of the first in the race. Pass on, merry circus riders, for such ye are—your mournful business is nightly to

divert the joyous child, from merriment of nature and happiness to the fierce desire of pleasure, that foe to content, that enemy of patience—desire of pleasure, busiest of all tormentors. Here another wagon-load of tawdry bits of colored cloth, and cast dresses of the hero Punch, and in the midst the hero of the barn-yard, most worthy Chanticleer, or, if he bearest rather the name of Chapman, this feathered mortal clapped and crowed away; and one could not help wishing he had lived and died on a dung-hill, for all the good he ever would do. Crow on, Chapman. Then, there was a noisy set of old theatrical-bespangled stuff, on horseback. A melancholy bear passed in one vehicle; he had not life enough to suck his paws. All sorts of masks and distorted noses—all curious modes of garmenting—all cuts and fashions of beard, whisker and moustache, in the highest excess—swords of lathe of all shapes, from the trowel-shaped to the spit-shaped. In succession a hat like a Gothic steeple, ten feet high and all grades down—and here likewise, an ass's head and ears. Hail, worthy Midas! less rich, though, than thy classical prototype: still Dame Fortune may take you into favor,—if not, browse thistles. Finally, the show concludes with masquerades all over town, and in the morning at matins, sins are to be repented of and promises made of amendment. Ah! man's life is hurried, fantastic and aimless as the show; weak is our repentance, and our promises like foam of the sea, that the billows make and swallow up again.

THIS place is a very great place for races, and we have had some *fast* running; yet this was to be expected, as now is the season of Lent, (I borrowed the last conceit). Racy descriptions have been given of these sports. One horse named Bladen, as you may suppose, *cut* out all antagonists. Medoc and Chateau Margeaux were not *drawn*, as you would think, at the *tap* of the drum: I believe they have won *cups* however. The best race, however, (it would not do now, season of Lent), is to dinner, if you can get a *plate*. Some wicked fellow says he only goes to see candles *run*, for then there is always a good heat. But to give up the races, and turn to the course of better studies. The pursuit of Botany is now getting pleasant not merely of the *running* plants; the creeping and climbing ones would afford you

doubtless a fine exercise. By the way, of late in March the wind-flower or anemone was in full blow. Be very careful how you go in the gardens, you may receive a blow upon your head. The trees now are all shooting, and you must avoid those plants that bear *pistils*: what make these peculiarly dangerous is the pollen, which is described as a sort of *powder*. Plants of this dangerous *stock* should be avoided, and you should charge every one to take care. Another remark is, that they shoot with the opening of the spring, and hence in gardens is the greatest danger, for there springs are generally placed. The Rocket is a very dangerous plant, one would think. The running plants of course you will know, by their long limbs. One word as it regards the preservation of plants: *pot* them; that is the way lobsters are preserved. Yet I suppose that if you require the leaves to keep their places in any stage of growth, it is as well to book them. How do you succeed at the noble game of whist? Your knowledge of plants will aid you there—those of the *trumpet* class especially—besides, you know a good hand always has a *palm* in it. One card is the most unpleasant in the whole set—I mean the ace of hearts, whose name is *punto*, when this is played omit a tendency to pun to anything—though I suppose Mr. Cor. M— will have something to say, and will deal some shrewd cut. When you play from memory, for example, if you have not a single heart and you win a trick, and one asks, did you play your heart? you say, “no, but I played *by* it.” When the lights are set down, I wonder if to play hearts is following suit. We must give up these puny attempts at wit. Eschew the whole of such nonsense. To gain a wink and laugh, do not Hood-wink the sense of the terms you make use of. To follow blindly in this course is to be *Hood*-ed by error, and *Hooked* in Swift destruction.

My dearth of books and reading, save old crabbed law, common and the digests, and Pothier is quite remarkable, so that Arcturus is a bright spot in mental travelling. I have been myself for three weeks or so, scribbling an article or two in the course of two or three days, for an ephemeral newspaper here—political and abusive, and not of the happiest in style, manner or expression. I itch to have a trial at the pen for you, and I hope that I may be

gratified at seeing myself in print in your columns : you see that I am ambitious. How I wish I could see and converse with you. The heat revives old associations, and like one in a dry and thirsty land, I think of water springs ; I wander over with you to Hoboken, and ramble on the summer afternoon, amid the shades of the solemn wood, and winding walks of shade and cool breezes, and watch the great cool river running, and the city with its fair outside, covering, alas, so much suffering, and sickness, and sorrow, and death,—yet smiling pleasantly the solemn back-ground of the picture.

How do our worthy and thrice illustrious friends succeed in their career of courtiers of Queen Whim's ? with playing at primero, and draught, and whist, and all the diversions of true Pantagruelians, in their journey to ultimate Truth. Is the green battle-field still spread ? and do Charles, and Cæsar, and David, and Alexander, meet on the mimic plain ? Has Mr. ——— learned to distinguish Hector of Troy from Ogier the Dane ? has he mastered the mystery of Spadille ? the worth of Basto ? does he revoke, and laugh at detection ? and lead the thirteenth trump, and deride his partner's calculation ? These questions are of the utmost importance to my comfort, and my natural curiosity is perfectly impatient to acquire the information.

How are your studies of the Classics advancing ? Are you skimming the page of lofty Old Antiquity, and learning the thoughts of twenty centuries back, and finding that we have types within us of such an old world ? that as they reasoned we reason, as they burned in rapture so do we follow in feeling, and that each age is immortal in those which succeed ?

I do devoutly wish that I could get away from this profane and immoral community ; or they will frighten me into an austerity of manner and thinking that will be truly edifying. My views have essentially changed, viewing the character of this place ; and really I should almost be tempted to deny myself many amusements that seem harmless, seeing what bad use is here made of all things that delight the eye, or tickle the imagination, or interest the mind. Let there be innocent recreation ; but let alone the foolish jesting, which is unseemly. Let there be amusement for the wearied man ; let him see the company of cards, if you please, poured out in confusion : but keep away the desire

that hastes after forbidden gain. Oh, let me live contented on some little farm, from whence the smoke of the hearth of the great city may be seen ascending; where in summer the cool breezes shall fan me, and in winter the closed shutters, and a cheerful fire, and a choice book, may expel care. Let me not ask for wealth, neither let poverty knock too harshly at my door: and then, when I have learned that content, and patience, and humility, and well doing, as far as I can with God's good favor and aid, can make one happy; and shall have thought over His infinite kindness, in giving faculties to view the compact universe-embracing mind, and see the moral aims of this life converging to one whole of happiness: then, life will be accomplished; and like ripe fruit having bloomed and ripened, let the quiet and soft slumber of sleep fall upon the lid.

How delightful is that episode in *Don Quixote*, when, after his toils to redress wrong, the beaten and labor-and-fight-wearied chevalier proposed to his trusty squire to turn shepherd: to call himself Corydon, and his warlike fancied love Phillis, and retire to the solitude of hill and babbling brook, there to tend sheep. But that hour is not yet: the bustle and the action, the season of sowing the seed, the good seed of honest thoughts prolonged till tangible and visible, is now. All must now show indomitable breasts in opposing evil—the evil within, and the temptation and raging weapons without—courage like that of the old Bersekir must be shown: and on the naked and unprotected breast, full of faith, and hope, and resolution, the fiery darts of opposition, and the shapes of ideal enemies vanish like a quenched flame or a wind-driven-mist in the morning.

A.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY.

WE congratulate the Artists of New-York, and the Academy of Design, on their possession, for the first time, of a commodious and well-appointed Gallery, adapted for the display of their works. On surmounting the skyey height of the New-York Society Library building, the visitor is rewarded, by finding himself in a series of well-proportioned and classically ornamented saloons, provided with all the inducements necessary to the en-

joyment of a well-spent hour in the realms of art, that the skill of the Architect and Upholsterer can devise. There is nothing to chill and deaden the fancy, like the bare make-shift look of the late Gallery, at Clinton Hall—but, on the contrary, all the appliances meet for a leisurely, luxurious appreciation of the paintings, abound. Nor is this a matter of slight importance. Pictures (like the men they represent) derive consideration from external objects; and their effect on the spectator is commonly influenced by many causes independent of their intrinsic merit. We have heard want of space objected to, as a defect in this Gallery,—but it will be time enough to complain of the smallness of the casket, when the real gems grow too numerous for their setting. We would rather hope that the necessity it imposes for selection, may, by narrowing the field of competition, tend to concentrate the efforts of our Artists on the production of a few fine pictures, instead of a crowd of indifferent ones.

The general appearance of the collection is decidedly gratifying. Most of the old time-honored names are to be found in the catalogue—many of them attached to works that well sustain the reputation founded in other days. That most pleasing part of the critic's duty, the recognition of youthful and aspiring talent, has also full scope for exercise. We proceed to note the impressions made by some of the leading pictures, on our first visit.

The work to which the eye is first attracted—the Picture of the Year—is undoubtedly *Mercy's Dream*, by *D. A. Huntingdon* (No. 27). The subject is not one that would have charms for an ordinary Artist, working in the ordinary trading spirit:—it is no well-known scene or story floating on the popular breath, and already embodied in the ideas of beholders. In seeking inspiration at the Dream of our peasant Dante, John Bunyan, (so homely, yet so refined—familiar as our past youth—awful as our coming age—life-like mirror of life, imaging every surge of its tide), what the painter will *find*, is determined by the measure of what he *brings*. The pure-hearted simplicity of Stothard, and the stern grandeur of Martin, have found fit employment, in tracing the flowery paths of the Valley of Humiliation, or peopling with a strange creation the palpable darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Remembering these, we rejoice to say that the Artist has not miscalculated his strength. We have rarely seen a picture so full of promise. The figure of Mercy, both in conception and execution, is worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Huntingdon has also been fortunate in the subject and execution of a sweet female Portrait, (No. 179), the expression of which is truly graceful and intellectual.

We are pleased to see, from the pencil of *Mr. Inman*, so many

samples of his skill. To praise his groups of children and female heads is needless. Though he has this year no single picture so fine as the portrait of Mr. Biddle in the last exhibition, and others that we have in remembrance, there is enough to assert his old supremacy in the walks of American art. We were not, however, prepared for the versatility of talent shown in the view in Sullivan county, (No. 28), a fresh and verdant little landscape, and the News Boy, (No. 150). Every New Yorker must appreciate the clear perception of character and masterly execution of this picture. We hope it may be the first of a Popular Portrait Gallery, for which the ever-varying aspect of our crowded thoroughfares would supply an inexhaustible fund of subjects.

Columbus before the Council of Salamanca, (No. 22), is a carefully painted Cabinet picture, by *R. W. Weir*. It is composed with the usual correctness of this artist, and shows a degree of attention to detail that may be studied with advantage by many who mistake negligence and indistinctness for breadth of effect. The gradations of expression of the Council, from the first glimmerings of perception to the full acquiescence in the reasonings of the Orator, are skilfully delineated—though we think the picture would have been improved by a change in the attitude of Columbus, (whose side face alone is seen), and a more subdued treatment of the background. No. 147, a view of Fort Putnam, by the same, is a very pleasing landscape: the foreground, in particular, is beautifully painted. Nos. 285 and 306, are two bold and artist-like studies of a female figure, also by Mr. Weir.

In several of his smaller sketches, *Mr. Cole* displays his accustomed mastery over “flood and fell.” His largest picture, however, (No. 189), a view of the Falls of Nunda, though containing much that is fine, does not, as a whole, impress us as equal to many of his former productions.

Cider-making (No. 53) is a picture that no one but *Mount* could have painted. The genial spirit of the scene seems to have inspired the artist. Every figure is a complete study, from his inimitable correctness in the delineation of individual character. A neighboring picture in the same walk of art, *The Fourth of July*, by *J. G. Clonney*, (No. 46), is worthy of attention.

Directly under *Mount*’s—a most critical position for any artist—is a picture by *Mr. Hagan*, delineating one of the humorous phases of political life, and therefore worthy of attention: representing a patriotic gentleman haranguing an assembly on topics, doubtless, of vital interest—judging from the energy of the speaker’s manner, and the fire that gleams from his eyes. He has the usual miscellany of boys, cartmen, laborers, wire-pullers, &c., for an audience, and each assumes an attitude expressive of his interest in his subject. The conception is a good one; and taken

with a similar sketch at a former exhibition, from the same hand, gives us a hope that this artist might prove successful in humorous illustrations and designs, drawn from city life. Stiffness of figure and hardness of coloring, are the chief obstacles in the way of Mr. Hagan's success.

The portrait of our Arab guest, Achmet-ben-Aman, (No. 48), forms a rich and gorgeous picture, heightened by the picturesque oriental costume, highly creditable to the skill of *Mr. Mooney*.

No. 1, *The Happy Valley of Rasselas*, by *Talbot*, is a fine verdant landscape, with a bold rocky barrier in the distance: painted in many parts with great skill, though the scene is hardly idealized in a sufficient degree to answer the description of the author.

A portrait of W. C. Bryant, by *C. Verbyck*, deserves and will receive especial notice, both from its merits as a work of art, and a faithful likeness. No. 11, by the same, is more remarkable for boldness of conception than success in execution.

We must not omit to notice a masterly portrait of a Lady, by *Page*. (No. 21), painted in a massive vigorous style. When mellowed by time, this picture will have an effect worthy the school of Rembrandt.

There are several miniatures—suitably hung in one of the smaller rooms—by George A. Baker, Jr., denoting a genius in the young artist which deserves encouragement.

No. 135, is apparently executed in imitation of the severe antique, or spiritual school of art, lately revived on the continent. We cannot say much for the success of the attempt.

Mr. Ingham contributes three female portraits, in his usual style. Whenever ivory and enamel come to be used in the composition of human beings, instead of flesh and blood, his pictures will be faithful representatives of nature, and not till then. The admiration excited by the perverse ingenuity of this gentleman, is to be regarded as a pregnant symptom of the imperfection of the current ideas of the true nature and end of the art.

The pictures of *Mr. Gray* are remarkable for a quiet unobtrusive tone of color, that may sometimes cause them to be overlooked amidst the glittering throng that surrounds them. When once noticed, they will be recurred to with pleasure. There is evidence of mind visible in them all, and the results of a careful study of the best models.

A picture from *Washington Allston*, (No. 219), is painted in a style of great breadth and simplicity, and has all the air of an early Italian picture.

We are pleased to learn, by the address to the public prefixed to the catalogue, that the Academy is in a highly prosperous condition. With all the advantages of improved situation and increased patronage from the public, we anticipate the most favorable results for American Art.

C.W.

MR. FORREST.

MR. FORREST, (neither a Garrick nor a Kean,) is certainly a vigorous and excellent performer. His forte is, perhaps, powerful declamation, with variations of manner and delivery, rather than strict personation and the development of character through all the struggles of action and suffering. His art is rather that of the potter than the statuary. He takes great masses of passion, moulds them in his hands, and hurls them abroad with his muscular arms in the midst of the audience, instead of quarrying the character from the author's page, and causing it to rise upon them, harmoniously developed, stroke by stroke. There is, therefore, a want of discrimination in his performances; too many of them relying on a burly look and a huge outbreak and tempest of enunciation; parts where his great physical gifts are required or allowed to predominate. In these, he is, unquestionably, successful, and sometimes takes the house by the emphatic utterance of a single word, like the "Fail!" of his Richelieu. While in the stormy tracts of his part, Mr. Forrest is triumphant, he forgets how vast an influence the tragedian acquires over his audience by slow, stealthy approaches, the gradual growth and accumulation of passion, and the final overwhelming spring, in which, tiger-like, he fixes his thrilling fangs in the heart, and pierces nicely to the very soul of emotion and sympathy. Mr. Forrest is occasionally beset by the melo-dramatic devil that possessed him in his earlier efforts; and seems, at times, ambitious to secure the groundlings by a sudden entrance, impressive invocations to heaven, certain menacing falls of the brow, and numerous seizures of a sort of histrionic asthma or shortness of breath.

He indulges, besides, in too many tremulous motions of the arm, monitory waggings of the finger, and sturdy knockings at the breast. Added to these, he frequently, if not always, overdresses; and so lards his person as to make its proportions unnaturally stalwart and swollen, more particularly his legs, with which, stuffed out to a portly corpulence, he, if we may so speak, ballustrades the stage, and makes the boards to shake with the weight and vigor of his tread.

In justice, we should say, that we think Mr. Forrest often sees the truth of character without being able to attain it, but labors constantly toward it, with a person not always accordant to the part, and a voice that can scarcely cheat us of the belief that it has been heard and known before. With Mr. Forrest time has done, and will do—for she has an obedient and earnest pupil—much; with all his defects and short-comings, we are not ashamed that

he is our countryman ; nor would we repine greatly if many more of a like temper, manliness and industry, were our contemporaries, and subject to our criticism.

Whatever protest may be entered against the defects and peculiarities of Mr. Forrest's style, it cannot be denied that, in his recent engagement at the Park Theatre, twice or thrice renewed, he has proved a loadstone to the management, and made the Zahara of pit and boxes to bloom and freshen again with cheerful and familiar faces.

w.

THE LOITERER.

A Classical Dictionary: containing an account of the principal proper names mentioned in ancient authors, and intended to elucidate all the important points connected with the Geography, History, Biography, Mythology and Fine Arts of the Greeks and Romans. BY CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1841. Royal 8vo. pp. 1424.

THIS book is truly a specimen of laborious scholarship. We do not undertake to say with the daily journalists, that it is a Monument, or even a considerable erection of genius. There is, doubtless, a huge mass of material ; though not at all times pervaded by the intellectual fire or spirit which should animate a great book. Professor Anthon is, unquestionably, a scholar of a brawny cast of intellect : equal to any amount of learned labor the necessities of the trade may require.

We do not think it has ever been our pleasure to enjoy so varied and triumphant a concerto of trumpets as has been blown in behalf of this same Classical Dictionary of Dr. Anthon. Wherever this bulky volume has urged its way through the country, it has been accompanied, like the famous elephant Tippoo Saib, on one of his tours, by the brattling of all sorts of wind instruments—varying from the economical squeak of the penny press, to the bivalve of the quarterly. Sitting in the privacy of his study, the learned Professor must have been actually astounded by this horrible outbreak, and have felt mortified and abashed that any humble labors of his should have been greeted with such unseemly clamor. We sympathize with him and his worthy publishers. We know how painful such things are to truly sensitive minds. Their prayer must have been as ours would be in a similar case, that they might be instantly afflicted with deafness, and thus spared the unmannerly assault.

A good book, however, should not be injured by its injudicious critics. The Classical Dictionary is a valuable addition to the library of the general reader—where it must assuredly find its way. It is a skilful compilation from the labors of the best authors, with much analytical matter from the pen of the practised editor. As a model of taste, since the book must reach the hands of many young students of unformed literary habits, we could have desired a simpler style of composition. The characteristic of Dr. Anthon's style, is a Latinized verbosity of expression—not free from an occasional solecism. In one of the best articles in the volume, that on the poet Ovid, the writer, for example, has this sentence: "He rarely declaimed, moreover, except on ethical subjects; and preferred delivering *those sort* of persuasive harangues which have been termed *Suasoriæ*." We regret in the list of works consulted in the preparation, prefixed to the volume and which occupies fourteen columns, that the author has thought proper to omit the name of his venerable predecessor, *Lempriere*—which we would have been pleased to see, if only for the sake of our old acquaintance with the Dilworth of dictionary makers.

Taken altogether, the work is worthy of the mature scholarship and reputation of the author.

M.

German Romance; specimens of its chief authors, with Biographical and Critical notices. BY THOMAS CARLYLE. 2 vols. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1841.

A RICH couple of volumes are these; containing choice specimens of fruitful German imaginations, rendered, with force and spirit, into pure, clear English. We have here the popular tale, in its brightest phases, by Musæus and Tieck; the chivalry romance, in a specimen of *La Motte Fouqué*—a German Walter Scott, in his feudal spirit and love of the old times of Christian Knighthood, though with a finer poetical sympathy, than we find in the more robust intellect and more comprehensive pictures of the author of *Waverly*; a tale of the wild, gorgeous, fanciful sort, (the *Fantasy Piece*,) by the brilliant Hoffman; and two of Richter's most original novels, *Schmelzle's Journey to Flaetz*, and the *Life of Quintus Fixlein*.*

* We had scarce expressed the wish for the republication of these in our last number, when we heard of the very books just printed at Boston, by Messrs. Munroe & Co., the American republishers of Carlyle's Works. It is said that Carlyle receives the profits of these editions; if so, we regret

Of these five genuine poets—though these productions of theirs are written in prose—we like Musæus, whose name appears first, the least. He is, compared with the others, harder, colder, and altogether more prosaic. We say, compared with his countrymen, for in a comparison with the best English tale writers now living, he would greatly gain; nor would he lose here, except when paralleled with our own Nathaniel Hawthorne. We were struck with the strong resemblance between Tieck and Hawthorne. “The Goblet” might have been written by the author of the “Fancy’s Show Box;” it breathes his very spirit; and the fancy of the one is an exact counterpart to that of the other. Nothing can be more delightful than the sweet, elegant fancy of Tieck: unless it be the fine sentiment and rich description of the author of *Undine*.

The *Golden Pot* of Hoffman is a golden tale. We conceive Mr. Carlyle rather to apologise for its author; judged by this single example of his powers, he needs no apology. His fancy is hair-brained, but gorgeous.

Of Richter, we now can judge knowingly. He is all that Carlyle claims for him. Abundant in his peculiar style of humor; subtle, profound in reflection; massy, earnest—even grand. He has tender pathos, and a household feeling; a noble specimen of humanity, as well as of authorship.

The perusal of these volumes must correct many erroneous notions of German romance. There is something else in it, we learn, than extravagance and melo-dramatic fury. On German literature, generally, Carlyle has been a judicious, as well as an enthusiastic critic. He has pointed out many vulgar errors; disclosed a new mine of romance—a new region of beauty. We had, before his time, the most wretched translation: and sometimes, of the worst writers. The glorious galaxy of contemporary genius was not visible to our eyes. Carlyle has made it apparent, and has discriminated between the melo-dramatic domestic drama of Kotzebue, and the high, moral poems of Schiller; between the Sorrows of Werter, and Wilhelm Meister; between the absurd extravagances of the latter, and the original depth of the earlier German philosophers.

J.

that the courtesy of the trade was interfered with by the city house of Appleton & Co., who recently published a hasty edition of Carlyle’s *Heroes and Hero Worship*, thus preventing the small portion of his fair earnings hitherto paid to the author.

The Nestorians, or the Lost Tribes: containing evidence of their identity, an account of their manners, customs and ceremonies, together with sketches of travel in ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media and Mesopotamia, and illustrations of Scripture Prophecy. BY ASAHEL GRANT, M. D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1841. 12mo. pp. 385.

DR. GRANT, the author of the volume before us, a physician of Utica, N. Y., in 1835, undertook a missionary tour to that part of Koordistan, where, in the clefts of the mountains, dwell the ancient race of the Independent Nestorians. He availed himself of his medical skill to secure the good will of the natives, and thereby penetrate the country. He was successful in the object of his journey, having attained an acquaintance with the manners of the people, and returned with new encouragement to the prosecution of the missionary effort. He found, in the Nestorians, a primitive people, preserving many remarkable Jewish habits and peculiarities in their customs and language, which led him to identify them with the lost tribes. This is a vexed question with the learned, which we shall not presume to settle in a paragraph.

The first part of Dr. Grant's book is devoted to incidents of travel, which are very happily related, and many of them very curious and picturesque. At one time he found a Nestorian bishop who slept in a church hollowed originally from a cave far up on the side of the mountain, to be in readiness for his morning's devotions—to whom he gave a box of loco focos. Such is the progress of civilization. In the amphitheatre of mountains inhabited by the Nestorians, so steep are the declivities, that the cultivated gardens are supported in artificial terraces one above another; at other times, beautiful narrow valleys open along the banks of the river Zab, which traverses the whole district. The Nestorians are warlike, and are governed by many cruel warlike notions; for they are surrounded by the predatory Koords, a race of robbers and murderers by profession: but they have much simplicity of character, with more sincerity and less orientalism of expression than the neighboring Persians. They are a devoted religious people, and their observances are marked by a touching feeling and reverence. The reader has but to open Dr. Grant's book, to make the acquaintance of this pure hearted race in the interior of Asia, and be ever after interested in their welfare.

A valuable geographical map accompanies the volume: one of the most important of the recent publications of the Harpers.

D.

Specimens: or leisure hours poetically employed on various subjects, moral, political and religious. Quid autem tentare nocebit. BY JOSIAH SHIPPEY, A. B. *With notes, critical and explanatory; also a brief history of the life of the author, from the year 1778 to the year 1841: to which is added a synopsis of all the parts of learning.* BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, D. D., *President of King's now Columbia College, New-York.* Printed by Joseph D. Allee. 1841. 12mo. pp. 238.

Columbia College! Alma Mater! well
Do I remember, and the time could tell,
When first escaped from pedagogic rule,
To thee I came, fresh from a grammar school!

THESE lines inform us at what fountain Mr. Shippey imbibed his first draught of that pleasing and poetic beverage with which he has since irrigated so many newspapers, small magazines, &c., and which he has finally gathered into a standing pond or volume of specimens. It would afford us great pleasure, had we the time, to test the various depths and profundities of this respectable collection, by our critical hygrometer—but are inclined to think that we shall be sufficiently engaged at present in decanting and proving a single small bottle of the precious fluid. Shippey has written on missions, and all future writers must henceforth look to him, as the established source of inspiration and the model author. “A mission,” says Shippey,

A mission is a sending forth
A missionary man,
To bring the unbelievers to
Be Christians if he can.

There's artful simplicity—immortality achieved at a blow, a single stroke of the pen. This stanza must live, though all the rest of Shippey, bodily and intellectually, be given to the worms and trunk-makers. He has accomplished, what no more than one out of a hundred of the poetasters of the day has achieved, a perfect, complete and classic stanza, which cannot be improved, altered or superseded. This stanza, on all future occasions of missionary association, cannot fail to be employed. The sleek brother, bidding farewell to the religious exile, must define to him his duties in the language of Shippey. In all religious processions, the classical words of Shippey's stanza must be inscribed on banners: and whenever in distant lands, Burampootah, the icy shores of Greenland, or the torrid tracts of the South, missionaries are met to discuss some crisis in their labors, their hearts will be cheered and their difficulties enlightened, by recalling the melodious and explanatory metre of Josiah Shippey.

M.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. BY HENRY HALLAM. 2 vols. 8vo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1841.

As a BOOK of reference, this is one of the most important contributions to the history of modern literature that has yet appeared. The field is a very wide one, and Mr. Hallam has brought to light much that is new to scholars, and shortened the labors of the student by the analysis of many learned works, especially on political subjects, hitherto unapproachable by the general reader. The criticism of Mr. Hallam is liberal and acute; it lacks fineness and sensibility: perhaps the anxiety to avoid prejudice sometimes leads him into the opposite error of coldness and incredulity. There is an uneasy tone in many of his remarks regarding the old English poets and prose writers, whom he treats with severity because they have been overpraised by a late class of admirers. As a critic, Mr. Hallam belongs to the dogmatic school; he is something old fashioned in his notions, and often suspicious of modern sentiment and enthusiasm. A want of sympathy with the finer literary portion of his subject is the prominent defect of the work.

Mr. Hallam uses the word literature in its widest sense, as it covers the various divisions of a library—the literature of the medical profession, of law, of politics, of science—and not in its particular application to the *humanities*, or the *belles-lettres*. In the arrangement of the subject, the divisions are made with reference to periods; presenting the contemporary literature of different countries under consecutive chapters: a plan which often interrupts the narrative, but which has the advantage of keeping constantly before the mind the claims of rival nations. It teaches us “there’s livens out of England.” This is a good cosmopolitan lesson.

A Dictionary of all the principal names and terms relating to the Geography, Topography, History, Literature and Mythology of antiquities and of the ancients: with a Chronological Table. BY J. LEMPRIERE, D. D. Revised and corrected, and divided, under separate heads, into three parts. BY L. L. DA PONTE and JOHN D. OGILBY. Thirteenth American edition: greatly enlarged in the historical department, by L. L. DA PONTE. New-York: W. E. Dean. 1841. 8vo. pp. 804.

THIS is a carefully prepared work, uniting the labors of two sound American scholars, the late Lorenzo Da Ponte and Professor Ogilby, at present of the New York Seminary, upon the basis of

Lempriere : a work which, with its many imperfections, long held the first rank as a text book for schools and colleges. The present edition, purified and improved, takes the place so long occupied by its predecessor, and by its brevity and condensation of matter, is peculiarly suited to this purpose. Now that Professor Anthon's Dictionary has swollen to its present dimensions, we presume this may be regarded as, without a rival, the School Lempriere.

The Theory of Horticulture ; or an attempt to explain the principal operations of Gardening upon Physiological principles. By JOHN LINDLEY, PH. D. F.R.S., Vice Secretary of the Horticultural Society of London, and Professor of Botany in University College. First American Edition, with Notes, &c. By A. J. DOWNING & A. GRAY. New York : Wiley & Putnam. Boston : C. C. Little & Co. 1841.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accuracy of investigation and research devoted to the physical sciences in our day, there scarcely exists, any longer, the broad line of distinction between theory and practice ; or the scientific man and the operative. The former quits, at intervals, his study and laboratory, to verify his principles, and render them subservient to the arts of life ; whilst the latter brings the aid of his experience, as a corrective of the incipient crudities of theory and speculation ; gladly receiving in exchange, fixed principles of action for future guidance, and improvement in his craft. The author of the work before us, Dr. Lindley, is well known to the scientific world, as a vegetable physiologist, and his many botanical writings are deservedly esteemed, not only in Europe, but also on our own continent, where they begin to be extensively circulated. He now appears as the Horticulturist, or rather, as the guide to practical men in availing themselves of ascertained principles of physiology, in promoting and improving the principal operations of gardening, for which his long experience as Secretary of the Horticultural Society of London, has given him advantages and opportunities of observation not commonly possessed by scientific botanists.

An analysis of the volume would discover a vast amount of useful information on the chief laws and facts of vegetable life, in direct reference to the practical pursuits of the gardener, conveyed in a clear and familiar style : with a very simple scientific arrangement of the different parts of the book ; by which the principles, and use to be made of them, are kept in constant connection.

The American edition of this valuable work, is, in all respects, creditable to the Editors : whose joint labors, it may be remarked, furnish, in the present instance, another illustration of the happy combination of scientific theory with practical experience. The reputation of Dr. A. Gray as a vegetable physiologist and botanist, is already firmly established ; and the Flora of our States, upon which he is now engaged, in conjunction with Dr. Torrey, is a work of the highest character, and ranks amongst the first and most important of its class. Dr. Gray is also the author of an original work on the Elements of Botany, published some four or five years since, which we suspect is not so well known as it deserves to be. The name of Mr. Downing we have already in this number, brought before the reader in connection with his work on Landscape Gardening. He is a zealous and successful cultivator ; and the fine collection of plants in his botanic garden at Newburgh, is generally known and admired. To the American reader, the notes of the co-editors, which are both scientific and practical, add much to the value and interest of the work ; being, for the most part, the results of successful experience, with such additions and adaptations as the climate and circumstances of our country render necessary.

The Church Record. Edited by FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D. Nos. 1—26 : 4to. Flushing, L. I.

WE have great pleasure in announcing the prosperous course of the Church Record : the weekly journal, whose appearance, simultaneously with our own, we noticed in our first number. It has just completed its first half year, and in its various departments has more than kept its promises. Of its theological character, it is not our province at present to judge, though we might characterise the tone of its articles as manly and free from all pedantry. In the historical department, the Editor has given an entire publication of the Canons of the Episcopal Church, with the alterations made from time to time, and a critical commentary on the whole ; being the first body of Canon Law of the Church in this country ever published. The Record, at its onset, announced as one of its leading objects, the revival of Old English Literature : an end, which thus far, has been liberally prosecuted. A series of articles, embracing the old Divines, the Essayists, and others, is in course of publication, from the pen of W. A. JONES, Esq., a leading contributor to these pages ; the strength and acuteness of whose active intellect, united to deep feeling for the realities shadowed forth in books, are the true qualifications for the